John Bull, Jnr., 10th, 1910.

OUR 10TH BIRTHDAY

JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this number see page 25.

Edited by
HORATIO
BOTTOMLEY

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Name .....

Address .....

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Chemist's Name .....

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JOHN BULL 10-6-16 14266.

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ENTIRELY BRITISH
I DEFY COMPETITION
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See that the green band is around each packet

YES. IT IS
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If your dealer cannot supply ... to our West End Depots, 55 Piccadilly ... Street, W.
CARRERAS, LTD., ARCA... WORKS, LONDON.

Don't ... Guarantee on page 14.

JOHN BULL

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XIX. No. 523. Week ending Saturday, June 10th, 1916. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Thanks, All.

We have to thank the thousands of readers who have sent us congratulations and good wishes for our tenth anniversary. But we don't like the constant reference to "returns"—which, in the language of the publishing trade, means unsold copies! However, there will be no "returns" of this issue—for every one of you is going to take an extra copy, to send to a benighted friend or acquaintance who is not yet a regular Bullite. Many thanks.

The Birthday Honours.

There is only one item which arrests our attention. The First Lord of the Admiralty gets the Order of Merit—"*in recognition of his services to philosophy and literature*"; and concurrently with the announcement comes the news of the North Sea tragedy! O Mercy!

Mr. Birrell.

Did you notice that the ex-Irish Secretary has gone to Spain? *Watch Spain.*

"It's Nearly Over."

"I wish JOHN BULL wouldn't talk like that," we heard an M.P. say the other day. But we say it again—*it's nearly over.* Look out for the doves of peace—or, rather, the pigeons from Potsdam.

The North Sea Engagement.

Two questions. One, when did the Admiralty first hear of it, and, secondly, why was Parliament allowed to rise in complete ignorance of it? Is there no "wireless" communication between our battle cruisers and the coast? No wonder Ministers wanted "a rest"!

"Artful Asquith."

May we inquire how Lloyd George is getting on with his Irish negotiations? Do they stand over for the Whitsun (parliamentary) holidays?

American Securities.

So we were right—weren't we?—when recently we said "Sell Americans." Go on doing it.

General Townshend.

And we were right here, too. But the politicians have told us only half the truth so far.

That Tired Feeling.

Mr. Asquith says Ministers must have a rest—"if only from the pressure of preparing answers to questions." And the day before this statement was made Mr. Tennant apologised to the House for being unable to reply to the questions on the Paper addressed to him "*because the type-written replies from the War Office had not arrived*"!

It's an ill Wind——

Which keeps Mr. Runciman from the Paris Trade Conference. A speedy recovery to him, all the same.

Prince of Wales' Fund.

Is it the fact that grants are being made from this fund for the benefit of civilian sufferers from the recent Irish rebellion?

***Mr.* Churchill.**

We are glad to notice that Mr. Churchill, having ceased to command a battalion, has dropped his military title. We much prefer him under his old name. And all honour to him for supporting the demand for "papers" in connection with the Dardanelles Campaign.

Wot Scheer!

Still they come. The Kaiser seems to be appointing a new Chief of Naval Staff about once a month. The latest is Vice-Admiral von Scheer. There is, however, no early prospect of his coming to Sheerness. Despite his recent exploit in that North Sea engagement, he preferred to Scheer off.

Pshaw on Sharing.

In a long-winded preface to a recently published play, Herr George Bernard von Pshaw advocates the Christian principle of share and share alike. The question is, whom is the Herr Pshaw going to share with, and when does he propose to start?

"Some Book."

It is now in the press, and is called "Horatio Bottomley: The Man as he is To-day." It is written by Mr. Raymond Blathwayt, and is to be published at a shilling. It would be as well to give your newsagent an order *now.*

Our Remedy.

"What are your proposals with regard to the drink evil?" is the question put to us by a Blackheath reader. Abolish the Uncontrolled Board, and let those who do not know when they have had enough join the pumpuritans, while those who never drink more than they ought enjoy the liberty of drinking all they want.

Hands Off the Dogs!

The proposal to increase the Dog Tax has brought us many pathetic appeals from poor people to save their faithful canine friends. *The tax must not be increased*—it would be too cruel a blow to many a family whose dog is part and parcel of their lives.

10,000 "Bullets" Prizes.

You will find on page 32 full particulars of the biggest prize offer ever made in the annals of journalism. Go in and win!

Our War Insurance Coupon is on page 31 this week.

Victimising Soldiers' Wives.

We are told—notably from Wales—that postmasters, who are also shopkeepers, entrusted with the payment of separation allowances to soldiers' wives, refrain from paying any money whatever, but give the women, instead, "credit" in the shop's account books. This is the "truck system" in its worst aspect, for it forces the poor victim to buy her goods at her oppressor's prices, and she has no voice in the matter of quality, being obliged to take what she can get. It is a practice that must be put down with a stern hand.

A Gun at Grimsby.

A captured German gun from Loos has arrived at Grimsby. It should have been received with cheers and flags and glad eyes and rejoicing; but it was not. It arrived in the morning, and they pushed it away in a corner until the afternoon. Then soldiers of the Lincolns got a pair of horses attached to it and took it out to the People's Park, leaving it opposite the refreshment room. There is a rustic fence around it now, and a board tells its history, but nobody worries much. Nobody has raised a cheer over that emblem of British heroism; interest it may evoke, in driblets and drablets, but of enthusiasm there is none. We are a slow, cold, curious people.

Characteristic.

Even now that the Kut correspondence has materialised as a White Paper, it is difficult to get to the bottom of that tragic affair. We know that Townshend wanted for the Baghdad advance "two divisions or one Army corps, or one division followed closely by another complete division." We know from it also that General Nixon sent an infantry brigade and 600 cavalry, and added that another division would "almost certainly" be sent; but the Government carefully or carelessly conceals whether or not that division ever reached Mesopotamia at all. A great French Academician once said that what was not clear was not French. By similar rule, what is muddy is Mesopotamian—so far as the political aspect is concerned.

The Stern Spirit of France.

A reader who is Somewhere in France, among the people, tells us how differently the war acts upon the French mind compared with the British. There is nothing else thought of, nothing else is doing. There is but one thing the French folk live for—Victory! No such a thing as "strikes"; a striker would get short shrift. And the women? Well, listen:—"Before I left London I saw our women taking up their part, but they have a long way to go yet to match their French sisters. I saw yesterday a ma'em'selle driving a couple of bullocks attached to a huge coal cart, and I watched her tip the load up. And the Lancashire lassies have their superiors here in mine work." It is an inspiriting story, but Lancashire will never believe the last sentence of it.

Patriotic Co-operators: Scotch.

No wonder it is said no Jew has ever been able to live in Aberdeen. Here are the opening sentences of a circular now before us:—"Northern Co-operative Company, Ltd., 54, Loch Street, Aberdeen. Discount on Purchases: The Directors desire to draw attention to the arrangement which has been made of giving a discount on purchases effected without checks. This method is recommended in order to avoid the enormous War Profit Duty which is exacted by the Government, and the Directors hope it will be largely taken advantage of by customers." It is not sufficient that Co-operative Societies should be allowed to sneak out of their just obligation to pay income tax; this one must also evade the demands of the Revenue in war time, for that is what the trick amounts to. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer will stand this, he will stand anything.

The Hidden Arsenal.

Though the Irish rebellion is "over," it is not ended. In one quarter of an affected district, an out-of-the-way spot, explosives and munitions are still stored, the actual arsenal being known. Somebody told Scotland Yard about it, and details, furnished to three inspectors, were duly recorded. Nothing having been done in the matter, the informant called to inquire why, and discovered that all traces of the memorandum of evidence had been lost. This state of affairs is, to say the least, mystifying.

"Hide and Seek."

In referring to the first Military Service Act we called attention to the clause permitting Government Departments to issue Certificates of Exemption to their own staffs. Many times we have pointed out that the clause made these departments hiding-places for shirkers. We were sorry, therefore, that Lord Derby withdrew his amendment to the new Act authorising the Tribunals to revise Exemption Certificates granted by these Government Departments. The staffs ought to be under the same obligations of military service as anybody else, and the heads ought to be compelled to stand and deliver like every other employer, or show adequate cause why not.

Time for Thought.

It is a positive relief to know that at least one of the obnoxious, pasty-faced No-Conscription cranks has been dealt with by the authorities and has gone into retirement until, let us hope, the war is over. We refer to the notorious C. H. Norman, one of the leading (b)lights of the traitorous No-Conscription Fellowship, who has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment for refusing to obey military orders. At the same time, while approving of his punishment, we do not commend the form which it is to take. It appears to us to give the cold-footed fanatic most of what he apparently desired—to wit, safety, shelter, food, and relief from all responsibility, at the risk of the lives of his fellow-countrymen and at the expense of the State.

"Horse" Sense!

At Peterhead, a sick horse was regaled with a mixture of linseed oil, nitre and whisky, from which the animal seems to have derived instant relief. But whisky is whisky, especially in Scotland, and soon there was the Devil to pay. At the Peterhead Sheriff Court, a grocer's assistant was charged with supplying the liquor "before noon," and a local farmer, the owner of the horse, with "taking it from the premises," at the same unhallowed hour. In vain it was explained that the farmer was a teetotaler, and that the grocer had supplied the spirit "as a humane act." In these days of stress and strife, "humane acts" cost money; and although there was no suggestion that any "human" had consumed a thimbleful of the whisky, each defendant was fined £2. Bonny Caledonia!

British-Born.

An instance of official injustice—which we trust is an oversight, and will be remedied—comes from a munition factory near Leeds. There is an excellent rule there to employ only persons who are British-born. A young woman with a foreign surname has been turned down, as the Lady Superintendent states in writing, because "her father is not of British birth." Her father is Italian, her mother is Irish, and she herself was born in Leeds. Why she should be barred it is not easy to see. She is British-born, right enough—and so is her brother, who has served seven years in the army, was promoted sergeant on the battlefield by Lord French, and has been recommended for the King's Commission. When the boy is as good as that, perhaps the Lady Superintendent will change her opinion about the girl.

A Guinea could not buy a Pen better than the "John Bull" Per

Mr. Smith, of London.

Who is Mr. Smith, of Government Buildings, E.C., and what's he playing at? Our reason for inquiry is that hundreds of Cardiff children are to be seen in the streets writing down the numbers of passing motor cars. This activity has assumed the dimensions of a juvenile mania, and all that one can discover of the "why and wherefore" is that said Smith is offering prizes to children who score the highest numbers. As the enterprise of the Cardiff kiddies is likely to lead sooner or later to a funeral or two, peradventure Smith will answer the question at the head of this note and be quick about it.

A Cure for "Conscience."

A "conscientious" shirker from Somerset has found a job after his own heart. He is to be employed by the Society for the Relief of Germans, Austrians and Hungarians in Distress in the performance of "rough work" for the prisoners-of-war at an internment camp in the Isle of Wight, the authorities having certified this occupation as of "national importance." Provided the work is really "rough," we see no objection to the arrangement. Indeed, there is a poetic fitness in setting these spineless individuals to clean up after the Huns; and if the experiment frees better men for more congenial service, it might well be enlarged into a definite scheme.

Picture Postcard Prohibitions.

We are startled by the statement of a stationer at Arbroath that his picture postcards of local views are banned for postage purposes. He encloses us a batch of postcards, very pretty and very harmless. "The prohibition," he says, "includes mounted views in plush and aluminium frames, cups, and *confectioner's 'rock'!*" Surely our friend is mistaken, for we understand the official ban applies only to pictorial matter sent to foreign countries. Even then caution is sometimes carried to the extreme of absurdity; notably in the case of a reader who sent to his little daughter in America three cigarette pictures of pet dogs. These have been stopped and returned to him by the Censor!

Work for Wives.

Waiters, cooks and others employed in hotels, restaurants and clubs are greatly perturbed in mind because when—being British—they are called to the Colours, their positions are promptly filled by foreign men who also should go fighting. It is stated definitely that Italians, Belgians, Russians and French, of military age and eligible for service with their respective armies, are securing these good posts and dodging their duties, and that Dutchmen and Swiss are also butting in when the Briton goes. Many of our men employed in hotels leave smart wives, who, with a little training, could well fill the places of their absent husbands. Which hotel will lead the way in clearing out foreign should-be soldiers and installing the girls our own men left behind them?

Employment and Agencies.

One would think a Chief Steward of experience and character would easily secure re-employment after leaving his last berth—because his ship was torpedoed. But facts seem to point contrariwise. An application to an agency resulted in the suggestion of a registration fee of 5s. and half the first week's salary, and a letter from the Home Counties Public House Trust, Ltd., of Radlett, Herts. The "Trust" proposes to meet the applicant for a managership at a restaurant in Holborn, stipulates for "a cash deposit of from £25 to £100," and requires him to go on trial for a fortnight "without payment." But a payment by him is desired, namely, £2, the Trust not undertaking to refund any part thereof. To a man seeking work and wages, such demands are vexing.

Beasts, Children, and Partridges.

Charged at Dundee with indecently assaulting a girl of ten years of age, "Robert Don Dewar, ironmonger, Berryfauld, near Arbroath," has had his pathetic case carefully considered by Sheriff Neish, who fined him £5. Charged at Kinross, David Elder, of West Balgedie, has been fined £10 for shooting a partridge. Some people may incline to harsh thoughts about this contrast; but they should remember that a partridge is a holy bird.

Economy at Southend.

Southend possesses a Corporation Swimming Bath. Here are two extracts from its Scale of Charges:—"Scholars . . . not less than 20 in charge of a Teacher (including the use of one towel, when necessary)," and "Parties of not less than 20 school children, not exceeding 14 years of age, in charge of Teacher (including the use of one towel when necessary)." Two points worry us:—When and in what circumstances is one towel necessary to 20 children or scholars and a teacher in a swimming bath; and who is to decide so delicate a question? In any event, we back the teacher as first user.

The Little Ones' Pennies.

The Overseas Club has sent 2,000,000 gift parcels to the firing line. Last year the L.C.C. teachers made a collection on Empire Day in aid of the scheme; this year, all was in readiness for another collection, the children to be asked to bring one penny each. Suddenly an official taboo was placed on the idea, a cold, callous par. in the L.C.C. *Gazette* stating, "Head-teachers . . are informed that the use of the school organisation for this purpose has not been approved." We wonder what smug Pharisee conceived the notion of forbidding kindness and patriotism to be taught to children on the festival of Empire Day—a day so negligible to the L.C.C. *Gazette* that the only allusion to it consists of that one prohibitory paragraph!

A Doctor's Dilemma.

It seems that, because one of their number has got himself into trouble through carelessness in the granting of certificates to patients enabling them to obtain spirits at unauthorised hours, the Oldham panel practitioners have decided for the future to charge a shilling for such permits, in the hope, as one of them explained to the Magistrates, that "there would be fewer certificates in consequence." In justice to the doctors, however, we venture to hope that they have no intention of carrying their threat into effect, at any rate, in cases of extreme necessity. Upon several grounds, the trading of liquor permits is open to serious objection; and we doubt if, under the provisions of the Insurance Act, the legality of such a charge could be sustained.

Vigour and Veracity.

There is nothing half-hearted about Mr. S., a gentleman who gives his full name and address in a personal advertisement in a Spalding newspaper. At the top and bottom of his notice he offers good advice:—"Read JOHN BULL." Addressing himself to All whom it May Concern, he refers to some evilly disposed person who has suggested that he secured the tenancy of his house by voting for "Mr. John Crawley's Party." "I do hereby solemnly SWEAR"—swears Mr. S.—"that the said report is a MOST INFAMOUS LIE." That is plain, sound English, but there is better to come. "Let me state," says Mr. S., "that my views are (and always have been) of a strict non-Party nature. I am an adherent of Horatio Bottomley and his Business Government, and I shall never cast a vote except there be a Business Government candidate in the field." That has the true Saxon ring; it spells sincerity. Mr. S. is evidently a supporter worth having.

Are you going to win that £1,000 "Bullets" Prize?

Our War Babies.

The other day at Bangeston Camp, in Wales, a guard was mounted, the ages of six members of which totalled 310 years. Two of the men had between them seen 122 years on this planet, two others jointly totalled 100 years, and two recruits represented a total of 88 years. Good old Noahs! Where are the young slackers now?

The Mobile Motor.

There may be some significance in the fact that Greek and Danish agents are buying lots of our motor-cars just now, and taking them out of this country to their respective soils. But perhaps there is nothing in it; Greece and Denmark may be throwing their money away for the fun of the thing. No doubt the Board of Trade has told the War Office all about it; in case they have not, we thought we would just mention the matter.

A Startling Advert.

We wonder what sort of person he can be who advertises in the *Ripley News* (Derbyshire) for a tailor's manager, and announces, "Must have some claims to common honesty and decency; no foul-mouthed brazen-faced scoundrel need apply." An advertisement in such terms would surely stop any respectable man from applying for the post; and our second wonderment is, what are the thoughts of any late manager whose resignation may have caused the vacancy? The advertiser carefully veils his identity, and perhaps he is wise.

Missing Maidens.

The Glasgow police ought to have no difficulty in discovering whether the frequent disappearance of servant girls from Glasgow is due to the persuasive charm of the Mormon gang, who have been so active in that city. It's a long way frae Glasgae tae Salt Lake City; and it should not be forgotten that even Glasgow girls sometimes vanish, for other than the love of a Mormon, to places nearer home. At present, the police have no clue. The Mormons now in Britain say they are guiltless of wrong in thought or act. In that case, why do they want to get girls out to Utah?

His Own Claim.

The Military Representative at the Newark Tribunal, Mr. H. D. Cherry-Downes, made himself very busy in objecting to any exemption for managers of big provision firms, dairies, grocers, and so on. It was his duty, and he did it like a man. And, having done it, he turned round and demanded exemption for himself because he is a maltster's manager! What is more, he secured conditional exemption, apparently because his firm pays a large sum in income-tax. Our notion is that Mr. Cherry-Downes, as Military Representative, might have made out a strong case in opposition to his own claim as maltster's manager, had he cared to.

Gaslight for Daylight.

Apparently some local municipal authorities do not regard the Summer Time Act as an opportunity for war economy. At the time of writing, the street lamps are lit at the same time as before the Act. The Government have compelled us to save an hour of daylight; is there any reason why said authorities should not rise to the occasion and save an hour of gaslight?

Corrected.

It looks as though we had been caught bending in the Scripture class. Replying in "Letter Bag" recently to a correspondent, we said that the English are neither directly nor indirectly referred to in the Bible. Writing from South Rhodesia, a reader now suggests that we are wrong, and refers us to Matthew v. 5. Turning thereto we find it is written, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." This is certainly bad news for the Kaiser.

Sid Wright's Opportunity.

Councillor Sid Wright, of Hereford, has the chance of his lifetime. It will be remembered that, when a conscientious objector was fined 40s., Mr. Sid announced he would like to have the honour of paying the fine. Another of his friends is now in a pickle, having been sentenced to two years' hard labour by a Court Martial at Rhyl for "deliberately refusing to obey an order." Would Mr. Councillor Sid Wright like to have the honour—we put it delicately—of doing that "two stretch" for his unfortunate friend?

Tillett on Duchesses.

Apropos of the combination of Mrs. Creighton's Committee and the Uncontrolled Board, Ben Tillett has been saying that if a body of working-class women with an inclination for teetotal fanaticism were to start inquiring into the drinking, gambling, and other social habits of duchesses and well-to-do women generally, there would be an awful row in Parliament, and "the country would resound with the shrieks of an outraged community which has accepted as gospel the calumnies against working-class women." Ben has got the hammer on the nail.

Another War Problem.

The Government continue to multiply the serious problems of the war. For instance, the colossal intellects of the Home Office have latterly been wrestling with the question whether, in circularising farmers, they should be addressed "Mr." or "Esquire." For the first few thousand on the circular list "Mr." was the thing; then came an instruction that those whose names began with any letter up to M were to be called "Mr." and the others "Esq."—while later in the day the fiat went forth that all not yet circularised were to be given the more honorific title. "This is a fact," says the reader who sends us the story; "I was there, so I know."

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"GLASGOW EVENING TIMES" (letter from correspondent):—
"Once again THROUGH YOUR COLUMNS a patient in the above ward has BOTH FEET AMPUTATED."

"WESTERN MAIL" (Racing Report):—
"Won by half a length; a LENGTH between the DEAD-HEATERS for second place."

"SHEFFIELD INDEPENDENT":—
"SOLDIERS REPORTED KILLED IN ACTION are invited to SEND ALONG THE CUSTOMARY ANNOUNCEMENT, which will be inserted . . . free of charge."

"WEST SUSSEX GAZETTE" (advertisement):
"COOK-GENERAL wanted, at once. With knowledge of writing preferred. No COOKING."

"PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS" (advt.):—
"Nurse, MATERNITY, night or day, GENTLEMAN or lady."

"MALTA HERALD":—
—— —— is reported to have died unexpectedly and WITHOUT MEDICAL ASSISTANCE."

"WEST HERTS AND WATFORD OBSERVER" (advertisement):—
"Wanted, MAN (ineligible) SUITABLE FOR DUST-CART."

PRIDE AND PURPOSE.

For ten years JOHN has played his part
And won his way to Brita n's heart;
Upholding, without fear or ruth,
The cause of Wisdom, Right and Truth.

His future aim—as in the past—
Shall be "My Country, first and last!"
That each year, as its tale is told,
May add new laure.s to the old!

MESSAGES TO THE EDITOR.

The announcement of our tenth anniversary issue has brought congratulations from every part of the country, and if below we give but a few representative examples, it is not that we fail to appreciate the others.

From the Earl of Derby.

"*I wish you many happy returns of the day, with the proviso that one attaches to all such wishes to one's friends—that next year may be a happier anniversary than under the present circumstances this can possibly be. I feel that the real John Bull will receive from its newspaper god-child every assistance and advice, and will not neglect to put before the people of this country the necessity for dealing with our affairs in a business-like manner, both during the war and afterwards, when happily peace shall come.*"

From Lord Northcliffe.

The head of the great Harmsworth Press writes that "to have created this Tribune of the People in ten years, and to have made it, incidentally, one of the most valuable properties in the Kingdom, is a thing of which we may fairly be proud." He, however, takes us to task for our "fatuous optimism" about the war, and advises us to go to the front "and see how difficult is the task of the soldiers." And after paying us a tribute for having "done fine work in calling attention to the splendid manner in which our women have shown their burning patriotism," he tells us that we "have helped continually in all sorts of national matters."

From Lord Burnham ("Daily Telegraph").

"*Freedom of the Press, subject to the law of libel, means something more than the mere absence of the Censor; it means freedom to ventilate and discuss, without respect of persons, without formalism or favouritism, the problems of the day, political, social, and economic. It means the power to penetrate into what were formerly looked upon as the preserves, or reserves, of privilege. There is no doubt that you have used the power of the Press with great effect, and that you have had courage to invade and explore all the great domains of public interest. Needless to say you have done it with the greatest ability. Whether you take the pen in your hand, or thump the table in front of you, you are always forcible, ingenious, and original.*"

From Lord Rothermere ("Sunday Pictorial" and "Mirror").

"*Heartiest congratulations. No journal has done more in this war to interpret the true spirit of patriotism. Your unceasing effort in its columns and on the platform to rally British manhood to the flag in the days of the voluntary system will always be remembered.*"

From Mr. Thomas Marlowe (Editor of the "Daily Mail").

"*I have always believed that you possess the talents that command success, in whatever direction they are applied. Therefore I am not surprised by the great popularity and influence of* JOHN BULL *under your control. It is a wonderful journalistic achievement, which owes everything to your genius, and as a brother-journalist I am glad to have the opportunity of offering you my most cordial congratulations.*"

From Rt. Hon. Sir Henry Dalziel, P.C., M.P. ("Reynolds's").

"*On this, the 10th anniversary of the birthday of* JOHN BULL, *I send my hearty congratulations. In these days of fierce newspaper competition your achievement is, indeed, a notable one. I wish you even greater success in the future. While I do not share your cheery optimism in regard to the terrible war in which our country is engaged, I fervently hope that its powerful influence may be used to bring home to the mind of the nation the mistakes that have been made in high places, as well as the bravery of our troops and the self-sacrifice of our people.*"

From Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld (Editor of the "Daily Express").

"*I marvel at the vigour, the freshness, the originality, and the individuality which you infuse into* JOHN BULL *from week to week. I understand its success, because it has your personality impressed on every page.*"

From Sir George A. Riddell ("News of the World").

"JOHN BULL *was an inspiration. It was the first paper to revive the personal note in modern journalism, and its success has been a great personal achievement. Its trade mark should be 'Justice for the under-dog.'*"

From Sir W. Robertson Nicoll ("British Weekly").

"*I look upon the popularity of* JOHN BULL *as proving, first, the tremendous influence of personality in journalism, and, next, the patriotic spirit of the nation.*"

From Admiral Lord Beresford.

"*I congratulate you and* JOHN BULL *on its tenth anniversary birthday. Its criticism is always fearless. There is no question that* JOHN BULL *has called attention to many matters that required the force of public opinion.*"

From Lord Murray of Elibank.

"*I offer my hearty felicitations on the celebration of the tenth anniversary of* JOHN BULL, *which has so wide a circulation at the front, and is constantly stimulating our brave soldiers in their shell-torn trenches with the thought that behind them stand the industrial masses of Britain, who night and day, with patriotic fervour, are pouring out munitions of war to their assistance.*"

From the Lord Provost of Aberdeen.

"*I would just like to say 'Heartiest congratulations' on your tenth birthday.*"

From the Hon. Neil Primrose, M.P.

"*I wish you luck.*"

From Miss Marie Corelli.

"*Hearty congratulations on the tenth birthday anniversary of a brave journal that speaks the mind of the people without fear or favour and does not truckle to Party politics. May it long have the courage of its opinions, and dare to uphold the truth in an age of lies.*"

From Mr. Arnold White ("Vanoc" of the "Referee").

"*The Tenth Anniversary of* JOHN BULL'S *birthday is a national event. The courage of* JOHN BULL, *his acute knowledge of what people are thinking, his hatred of shams, his limited enthusiasm for political lawyers, his persistent optimism, his sturdy hatred of the Germans, and his common-sense have gone far to give to the world at large a conception of the real John Bull.*"

From Miss Clara Butt.

"*Many happy returns to sturdy* JOHN BULL. *Such a healthy and useful journal is bound to have a long life.*"

From Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., M.P.

"*I feel that a line of congratulation on your tenth birthday and wishes of many happy returns are due to you. There was a moment when I feared that the good ship was in danger, but having weathered all storms you have established a regular and valuable service. Of course, any one who knew the indomitable pluck and ability of the skipper must have felt that the ship was in able hands; but very few, even of his best friends, expected that he would make his voyage such a prosperous one.*"

From Sir H. Beerbohm Tree (by cablegram from America).

"*Congratulations,* JOHN BULL. *With all thy faults we love thee still.*"

From Sir Arthur Markham, M.P.

"How you do it I do not know, but the fact remains that you have captured the imagination of the working men, particularly the miners, who regard you as their special tin god on wheels. The idol, however, is wrong about the duration of the war. The Mandarins at Westminster badly need gingering, and I know no one who could do this better than you could. Chuck JOHN BULL *and come back to Parliament."*

From Mr. C. B. Cochran (Ambassadors and Comedy Theatres).

"I write to wish you 'Many Happy Returns' on the occasion of your 10th birthday, and I have no doubt my great-grandchild will be doing the same on your 100th. Before the War you were looked upon as the champion of the people's rights. Since the outbreak of the War, the people have looked to you for enlightenment—and they have not looked in vain."

From Mr. Martin Harvey.

"To have built up in such a short time a journalistic property of such value must mean an amount of personal energy and resource which we must all respect."

From Sir George Alexander.

"I gladly join in the chorus of praise with which you will be inundated on your tenth birthday. People are apt to suggest many reasons for success, and they generally hit on the wrong one. You have succeeded because you have the sense of 'the theatre,' and have applied it to mankind."

From Sir J. Forbes Robertson.

"I congratulate you heartily on the coming of June 9th, JOHN BULL'S *Birthday. Long may the journal flourish!"*

From Mr. Oswald Stoll.

"I wish JOHN BULL *many happy returns of the day; no unhappy returns without sale; and an ever increasing growth and circulation. The master mind of its able editor has commandeered my weekly penny."*

From Mr. Godfrey Isaacs (Marconi Wireless).

"My sincere congratulations. Your publication has achieved a phenomenal success; due no doubt largely to the personality of its Editor, but also to the fact that the British Public would appear to approve its 'atmosphere,' which is so well defined in the two lines which follow your title. JOHN BULL *has assumed a considerable influence, which is not likely to diminish so long as it continues to be so well directed."*

From Mr. Gordon Selfridge.

"I am glad to send you my congratulations upon your 10th anniversary. It is certainly a very creditable thing to do to build from nothing in ten years a journal with a great circulation and a fine financial return."

From Mr. A. W. Gamage.

"Please accept my heartiest congratulations upon the occasion of JOHN BULL'S *tenth birthday. The success it has attained is truly marvellous. Long may it flourish."*

From Harry Tate.

"Hearty congratulations on your 10th anniversary. May you continue to keep us Merry and Bright. 'How's your father?' All good wishes."

From George Robey.

"Heartiest of congratulations on JOHN BULL'S *tenth birthday, and good luck to the paper that stands for Unity of Empire and Business Government!"*

From Mr. Albert de Courville (London Hippodrome, etc.).

"To those who, like myself, have watched the development of JOHN BULL, *both from the point of view of the journalist and the student of public taste, there is no miracle in its popularity.* JOHN BULL'S *success is due, not only to the dominating personality of its founder and Editor, its discriminate selection of topics, but also to the justice tempered with mercy it displays in dealing with the abuses of the day."*

From Mr Charles Gulliver (London Palladium, etc.).

"Congratulations on birthday of your wonderful paper."

From George Graves.

"Many congratulations. May your wonderful pennyworth of 'blasting powder' long reign to explode political and social evils!"

From Mr. Ben Tillett.

"More power to your elbow. May your great courage and intelligence help the country in this hour of agony and struggle. We want a national paper to frankly, honestly and generously criticise all things of importance in a peril calling for strong men, promptitude, energy and decision."

From Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne (Creator of "Captain Kettle").

"To be quite frank, I disagree with a lot of your actions, but I am quite prepared to forgive you for those in return for your services in dunning the British Government to get busy and win the war."

From the Rev. Sir Montague Fowler, Bart. (R.S.P.C.A.).

"My hearty congratulations to that sturdy youth, JOHN BULL, *on attaining his tenth birthday. His fearless course of criticism, his far-reaching influence, and his healthy circulation give promise of ever-growing virility. May he continue to prosper and develop more and more his championship of the cause of animals."*

From Mr. Geo. R. Sims.

JOHN BULL'S *birthday,*
Is JOHN BULL'S *worth day.*
May JOHN BULL'S *birthday*
Be JOHN BULL'S *girth day—*
Never his dearth day,
Ever his mirth day.
Gift to the Earth day,
JOHN BULL'S *Birthday.*

From Sir Arthur Pearson, Bart.

"My sincere congratulations to JOHN BULL *upon the almost miraculous results of ten years' growth. No paper has ever been conducted with greater virility, and few have done so much to make crooked paths straight. I should like to add a special word of thanks to the Editor for his consistent championship of the cause of the blind."*

From Mr. Kennedy Jones.

"Only those like myself, who have suffered the sweat and agony of creating and maintaining journals with million circulations, can appreciate to the full the work you have accomplished in establishing JOHN BULL *as a Tribune of the People in the short space of ten years."*

From Miss Vesta Tilley.

"Hearty congratulations. Wish you long life to continue your many charitable schemes."

From Alfred Lester (Alhambra).

"Congratulations on JOHN BULL *anniversary. May he have many more. He deserves it."*

From the Rev. A. J. Waldron.

"Congratulations on your 10th anniversary. You have made people think, and see, and that is the biggest thing any man can do for his country. I say 'God bless you!'"

From Mr Seymour Hicks.

"Heartiest congratulations and all good wishes to your very strong weekly."

From Mr. George Dance.

"Permit me to congratulate you on the appearance of your Tenth Birthday Number. It seems almost incredible that an organ of such weight and power should have rooted itself so deeply in the hearts of the people in so short a time."

From Mr. H. B. Irving.

"I have much pleasure in wishing JOHN BULL *many another birthday, each one more prosperous and successful than the other, if such a thing be possible."*

HANDS OFF "K. of K."!

TRUTH ABOUT THE MAN WHO SAVED THE EMPIRE.

BY THE EDITOR.

As a reward for his wonderful services to this country, the Allies and the Empire, Lord Kitchener has been stripped of nearly all the power and authority which he held when he answered the call of the King. The attacks on this great man which have been going on for months past have now been met with a long overdue defence by the Prime Minister. But, thank God, the reputation of Lord Kitchener does not rest on the word of any Minister. His strength—and the source of his strength—rests in the great heart of the nation. The people know what he has done, and they will tolerate none of this conspiracy to undermine his influence and power. "Hands off Kitchener!" is the imperious demand of the British public.

He Kept Out Haldane.

Out of a military machine grown rusty in the days of peace—out of an office over which the politician had sprawled in ineffectual interference—he was called upon to create a fighting force bigger than any British statesman had ever dreamed of in his wildest imaginings. Always jealous of the real soldier, the politician had carefully kept Kitchener from Whitehall. Incompetents hate the competent—muddlers fear the man of organising genius. They had no use for a soldier like "K. of K."; they were quite ready to take the risk of allowing him, in his own words, to go back to Egypt to "see how his crops were growing." And he would have gone back if that sinister figure of Haldane had been permitted to remain flitting like an ominous shadow along the corridors of the War Office. Not a strong man? Why, if Lord Kitchener did nothing else to show his strength, his refusal to share responsibility with the "spiritual-homer" was a great and enduring mark of a Man. Kitchener would have none of Haldane.

The Trust of Russia.

How the Empire believes in him—how the Allies trust him! Ask Russia her opinion of Lord Kitchener; ask the gallant French what they think of the man who stands to-day, as from the beginning, in close and confidential co-operation with Joffre. They will tell you that for them "K. of K." personifies the spirit—the brave, dogged and determined spirit—of the British people. That "K. of K." built up around him mountains of work which not even a super-man could compass or control alone, is not a discredit—it is a tribute, a triumph. The "Sleepy Hollow" of Whitehall was turned into a mighty machine for the production of soldiers and the instruments of war. The men who had dozed away the hours over their morning *Times* realised they must get on or get out. Re-creation, re-organisation—these became the watch-words of Whitehall. The drones of the hive of war were driven forth; the workers were marshalled the better to make the honey of victory; and a mighty army rose, as it were, from the ground.

Was it failure to produce between three and four millions of men on the old voluntary system —was it failure to turn at once the ploughshare into the sword and convert great factories, designed for peace products, into the makers of engines of destruction?

After Months and Months of Neglect.

When politicians turn up their noses and in tones of patronage talk of "Poor Old Kitchener," ask them who produced Kitchener's Army, who made the real statesman's forecast of the war, so that, by anticipating the worst, he might call forth the men and the might for the speedier victory; who talked in millions of men while the politicians prated of thousands—who gave those early and far-seeing orders for shells, and who, under Providence, kept Haldane's fingers out of the pie of war. I am glad to think that my friend, Colonel Churchill, was the first to pay tribute to the man with whose work he must have been most familiar when he, too, sat at the Council table. The late First Lord of the Admiralty is a sportsman. I have never found him grudging in his tributes where tributes were due. But, think of it—two eulogies in one day after months and months of neglect! Think of the occasions when the little critics, the paltry traducers, have thrown their barbed and poisoned darts at the War Secretary! The country has looked on in wonder, for there was none so poor as to do him reverence. Who was the Cabinet Minister who described Lord Kitchener as "the fraud and failure of the war"? I know his name. Why is he silent? If this tribute of praise from the Prime Minister is a just and deserved tribute—as I know it to be, and the country knows it to be—then let those who have belittled Kitchener, and mispraised his efforts, now come out boldly like men and own their fault.

Failure of the November Plot.

Thanks to the publicity which we gave to the whole sordid business, the "November plot" failed, and Lord Kitchener was able to return to his place at the War Office. Will anyone now deny—did the Prime Minister dare to deny it, when he was directly challenged in the House of Commons the other day—that there *was* a plot? No; he knows, and every man behind the scenes knows, that last November, but for the public outcry at the mere idea of relieving Lord Kitchener of his duties as War Secretary, the paltry trick would have been attempted. Those who were anxious to get rid of him saw the red light of public indignation. And so the hands of the intriguers were stayed. Lord Kitchener went East, and returned—and the nation breathed again. The man who had fashioned the great machine for war was not deposed in favour of some miserable politician, some man, possibly, of the Haldane type. If we as a people were scared at the exposure of the plot, our French friends were even more nervous, and the measure of their relief was in proportion greater. We knew our power—and rather than allow "K. of K." to be sacrificed, we would turn from office the men who contemplated such a crime.

A Signal Honour at a Signal Moment.

Kitchener holds a place in the confidence and affection of the French more exalted and more secure than that of any other British figure in this war. It may please those in office—and, indeed, in certain conditions, it may have been expedient—to lighten the load of Lord Kitchener's labours. But anything done to weaken the power or lessen the reputation of the great soldier is resented abroad. Note the date when strategic control was withdrawn from "K. of K."—and then, if you are curious, find out when the French paid him the highest honour within their power to bestow. Not only did they confer upon him the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, but they singled him out for the Croix de Guerre. That distinction is usually worn only by "common soldiers"—it is their great prerogative of valour. But on rare occasions it is bestowed on some General distinguished above all his fellows. That is why at a significant moment it was pinned on the breast of the creator of Kitchener's Army. Yes, the French love and honour the great man. He fought with them in 1870; he is complete in his sympathy with the spirit and temperament of our Ally, and no great move has been made by Joffre, either before or since the battle of the Marne, without conference and consultation with our War Secretary.

Joffre and Kitchener.

What an asset to this country that our brave and Indomitable Ally should trust the man who stands as the embodiment of our determination, the Incarnation of the British war spirit! To-day France is bleeding before Verdun—she is pouring out her strength in blood and munitions against the most murderous onslaught of any foe since man first made war. She staggers now beneath the blow; she recovers again she reels before the attack, and again her spirit renews itself for the fight and calls to greater endeavour. France knows that all that we can do, all that we can offer, is at her command, and that in his Majesty's Secretary of State for War she has a man who has from the first realised her needs and stood in closest confidence with her gallant Joffre. If those who bite and snap at the heels of a man who has proved his true worth by the splendour of his endeavour and the immensity of his effort, would understand his power among the people and his influence with our Allies, they would for very shame cease their petty snarlings. Of this they may rest assured: Neither the country nor the Empire will tolerate any further intrigue against the maker of the King's Army, against the statesman who foresaw, when he assumed control—and prepared when the task of preparation was given to him. How close we were to losing him is known to some of us. The story of the November plot will be told some day—it is part of my great indictment which will arraign more than 23 men at the Bar of the nation. Contrast the unaccepted challenge made in Parliament the other day with the Guildhall statement of the Prime Minister last November, and see how little they square with each other. This is what Mr. Asquith did not deny—I am quoting Sir A. Markham—"that at the time this great man, to whom the right hon. gentleman has paid this eulogistic tribute this evening, went to Greece, the Cabinet endeavoured to get rid of him." And, added Sir Arthur, "I challenge him to rise and deny that fact." The Prime Minister sat silent—they *did* send him to Greece and they *did* endeavour to get rid of him

How "K. of K." Outwitted Them.

Contrast the above with Mr. Asquith's indignation at the Lord Mayor's banquet in November. Really, he could hardly contain himself from his rage—a malicious and malignant lie had been "invented" by a newspaper. Was there any endeavour to get rid of Lord Kitchener? Perish the thought—all the malignant invention of a newspaper editor! "He has gone—only, as we all hope and trust ["all" meaning the Cabinet which was "endeavouring to get rid of him"], for a very short time. . . . He takes with him the complete confidence of his colleagues, and, I believe, of his countrymen." Mr. Asquith need have had no doubt about Lord Kitchener's countrymen, although, if certain rumours are to be believed, Lord Kitchener had some doubt about his colleagues. Whatever the confidence may have been on the one side, it was not mutual.

> "His colleagues," says a recent writer, "imagined that by persuading him to go Eastward and reverse General Munro's verdict they would kill two birds with one stone—by dissociating themselves from responsibility for whatever might happen in the Dardanelles and restoring the War Office to politics by appointing Haldane or another War Minister. The Prime Minister took over he o fice temporarily, but the little plot was defeated. Colleagues have to get up early in the morning to outwit Lord Kitchener, who, realising what was in the wind, took the precaution of carrying the seals of the Secretaryship of State for War with him on his tour, thus frustrating all amiable intentions."

What a game; what politicians! But, Heaven be praised, "K. of K." was too much for them. Of course, if he pocketed the seals of office no one could be appointed War Minister in his absence—for a Minister without seals is like a motor-car without petrol; he can't move. It's a good story, isn't it? I hope it is true. Because it shows that a strong, straight man is equal to the lawyer-politician. And let me tell you this—that Kitchener saw the wisdom of Munro's recommendation of immediate evacuation; and by frankly accepting his view enabled that wonderful retirement to be carried out, and spared us the lives of thousands more men whose brave spirits would have been added to the Ghosts of Gallipoli. Read the story of Kitchener's courage, ponder over the history of those early months of the war—before the politicians interfered—when with a free hand he went forward rapidly and with splendid efficiency in his great task. Take off your hats to "K. of K." He is a man among men. Made mistakes? Yes. How true it is that the man who never made mistakes never made anything! But to his eternal honour will it be recorded that—strong in the hearts of the British people at home and beyond the sea, and firm in the confidence of the fighting Allies—"K. of K." brought order out of the chaos born of years of peace, and fashioned for our use and to the abiding strength of the Empire a weapon of war which is helping towards the victory of Truth over the Father of Lies—of Humanity over the Spirit of Destruction.

Three cheers for "K. of K."!

MORE THAN A NEWSPAPER.

A NATION'S ORACLE—DEMOCRACY'S GREATEST WEAPON.

By A. G. Hales.

It is a great thing to make a reputation; it is a much greater thing to keep it. The day a journal stands still it begins to die; it is a case of "Keep climbing or perish." JOHN BULL, as I know it, is a living, vital force; it is not standing still. Of its earlier struggles let others tell. I only know it as it has been of late years, and as it *is*—a sledge-hammer for giants. Stylists fall foul of it and accuse it of crudity. That is a compliment cloaked in a jibe. The truth is always crude; all the great forces of nature are crude, but they keep the world from decay. Artistic writing is mostly artistic lying; the truth needs no tinsel. It was artistic writing more than anything else that lulled the British nation to sleep prior to the war. JOHN BULL did not join in *that* chorus, but voiced the simple truth in clarion tones, warning the nations of the coming Armageddon; boldly, almost brutally, the state of Germany and other parts of Europe was preached from its columns. Britain's nakedness to her foes was trumpeted in deaf ears in its pages until the subject became nauseous. JOHN BULL was not, and is not, popular with the Government, because it introduced the Government to the truth—and the Government hates meeting a stranger. There has never been any personal malice in attacks made upon public men in its pages. All that has been written has been for the public benefit; all that has been published has been published without fear and without favour, in order that the war might be prosecuted with vigour, and be carried to a crushing and all-convincing climax. And it has its reward, the only reward that was sought—for high and low, near and far, the Empire's sons and daughters acclaim JOHN BULL *the most fearless journal published in the English language*, and that in itself is a triumph. In my poor judgment, that is the secret of its success. It has walked where angels might have feared to tread, and has walked boldly, believing courage and honesty of purpose to be the highest attributes of journalism. Jackals have howled at it, snakes-in-the-grass have bitten at its heels; it scarcely saw them, its eyes were fixed upon the mountain tops where ultimate victory and natural glory sat enthroned. And it had its reward in the fact that a million and a half of the most intelligent section of the British nation, the thinkers and the workers of both sexes, bought the journal every week and passed it on from hand to hand as a tonic and an educational medium.

A Shield and a Sword.

JOHN BULL has not only become great as a striking force—again and again it has stood like a shield between injustice and its intended victims. It was this journal which stood between Lord Kitchener and the enemies who were trying to pull him down when he was building up an army of nearly five million volunteers. It woke the conscience of the nation, and for a long time saved the greatest organiser of modern times from being "scrapped or crippled." No one can take the credit of that act from JOHN BULL. It had a Herculean task to perform on that occasion, for the men who were bent upon Kitchener's dethronement were strong and skilful. All through the war JOHN BULL has been the friend and champion of the soldier and the sailor. It championed Lord Fisher's cause with tooth and nail, and would have saved him to the nation if he would only have stretched out his hand to grasp the life-line JOHN BULL threw to him from the deck of the good ship "Public Opinion." It moved heaven and earth to shake timely activity into a Government suffering from sleeping sickness, in order that Townshend might have been succoured and the fall of Kut prevented. It failed to awaken them; even JOHN BULL's thunder could not galvanise into life a Ministry which had one foot in the grave, and one of whose former members had a "spiritual home" in Germany. But we could and did save Townshend's military reputation. Neither the fear of the Tower, nor the terror of the classic precincts of Wormwood Scrubs has kept it from throwing the beams of the searchlight of truth upon all these things, and so far none of us has been decorated with the Government broad arrow.

A People's Oracle.

This paper's earnest wish has ever been, "God save Ireland!" When political factions first stirred up armed force and began to set the law and the constitution at defiance, it spoke in no uncertain tones and warned the authorities of the precipice that that action would surely lead to. It spoke as it would have spoken if the North of England had been arming against the South; it knew it would lead to bloodshed and misery. But its warnings could not penetrate woolly intellects; the Government put its head between its legs and refused to look at the peril—nay, they scoffed at us in their superior wisdom as they scoffed when we said Germany was preparing to disturb the world of peace. We have told the people that there are members of the Cabinet who desire to make an inconclusive peace with our arch-enemy, and so prepare another terrible war with this same foe in a few years' time, when we may stand alone. We, on this our natal day, reiterate that pregnant warning. JOHN BULL, on his birthday, says, "Peace that is not based on the unconditional surrender of Germany spells war within the next ten years, and terrific and unbearable taxation all the time." We warned the public of the real danger of the Zeppelin peril and the submarine menace when half the world was laughing at those innovations in warfare as toys and playthings. We clamoured for the mastery of the air and mastery of under-water warfare long before the press of these isles could be induced to take such things seriously. Others have followed JOHN BULL's lead, lying with artistic shamelessness whilst they stole its thunder; but in spite of this, JOHN BULL has become the British people's oracle. Nearly every good measure brought in by the hybrid Government was first outlined in these pages. JOHN BULL has long since become the gospel of the man and woman in the street, and the text-book and reference of the wisest of British statesmen. This may not be modesty run wild, but it is true—and the millions of JOHN BULL readers know it. We don't want to hide our light under a bushel—it would take a measure as big as a haystack for the job. We have done the work; why not we shirk the praise? JOHN BULL has helped with hard cash hundreds of families who have been rendered practically homeless by aerial war. JOHN BULL has aided thousands of soldiers who were short of money. It has been done as an act of justice to brave men on the rocks—not as a charity. It has hit many heads, and will hit many more—for the good of the owners' souls. It has *played the game* like a Briton for the good of the British people, and has justified its existence. Let me paraphrase a Russian adage by saying, "Heaven is afar off, but JOHN BULL is within the reach of all who love justice." There are already, thank God, a million and a half of them—and who shall say what the figure will be when the Journal "comes of age"?

I am proud to be associated with such a journal, and to work under such an Editor.

BLEATS OF THE MIGHTY.

A STRENUOUS PROTEST AGAINST FALSE SENTIMENT.

By A Parson.

It is deeply to be regretted when those occupying exalted positions use their necessarily far-reaching influence in a mischievous and disastrous manner. The Lord Chancellor has lately broken out in a fresh place, and the Archbishop of York is "at it again." "Arcades ambo." Worthy Lord Buckmaster bucks at the idea of reprisals, hopes we shall never "imbrue our hands in the blood of the innocent and defenceless"—that is to say, he hopes we shall never astonish the grinning, jeering, unmoral, bloody-minded scoundrels of Germans by even the most absolutely necessary demonstration of the fact that what is sauce for the British goose is unquestionably ditto for the Hellish Teuton gander. One man only, so far as the public are aware, has hitherto had sense enough, and courage enough, to retaliate—the gallant Captain Macbride, who shot the crew of the German submarine. May he live long and die happy! We want a thousand Captain Macbrides, just as we need ten thousand airships to raid Germany ceaselessly.

To Reprise or Not to Reprise?

Why is the nation clamouring for reprisals? Because of the cowardly, dastardly, damnable and long-continued murders of its women and children. The British nation demands that these murders shall at all costs and by any means be made to cease. If the only way to bring this about involves, as 90 per cent. of the British people believe it *does* involve, the unavoidable death of German women and children—then, there is no blinking the fact, these must die; and their blood will not be on our hands, but on those of the fiends who forced on us a horrible necessity. England is strong enough to snap her fingers at every neutral country, every "Note," every "protest," whether by President, Archbishop, Lord Chancellor, pestilent peace crank, or insignificant, dissenting, Bible-banging blackbeetle eloquent on "ginger-pop." Oh, for the eagle eye and the lion heart of Pitt, even if he *did* drink three bottles of port a day! Could his great soul be now re-incarnated in the body of our Foreign Secretary or in that of "Wait and See," how speedily the Potsdam dastards—from the Arch-dastard and crowned assassin and murderer William II. and his loathsome cub "Little Willie" downwards to the lowest looting, drinking, woman-ravishing officer and private—would tremble and believe that we meant business at last. But, in any case, reprisals there must be. No one, not even Lord Buckmaster and the Archbishop of York, objects to the most strenuous blockade, or in plain words to the slow starvation and strangling of Germany. But the horrors that would follow genuine reprisals, involving the possible death or injury of German women and children, would be as nothing compared with the anguish a non-farcical blockade would produce in every German home.

The Ethical Question.

When is all this nonsense and cant about fighting "with clean hands" to cease? In a contest at the National Sporting Club there is a chivalrous observance of rules and fair play; the combatants shake hands before proceeding to black eyes and "tap claret." Why? Because both opponents are presumably decent Christian men (a pugilist may be an excellent Christian). But you do not fight the garrotter or the Apache "with clean hands," but how you can. You practise the *savate*, you jab your knee into nameless regions. Are there any left who still doubt that the German nation have become hideous maniacs? Let such read the following German command:—

> *The Belgians should not be shot "dead." They should be left so as to make impossible all hope of recovery. The troops are to treat the Belgian civil population with unrelenting severity and frightfulness. Weak nations have not the same right to live as powerful nations.*

Let such read, finally, the following specimens of Prussianism gleaned from the writings of Prussians—the Kaiser and his generals, professors, editors and the delectable Nietzsche:—

> *Let us drop our miserable attempts to excuse Germany's action. We willed it. Our might shall create a new law in Europe. It is Germany that strikes. We are morally and intellectually superior beyond all comparison. We must fight the Russian beasts, English mercenaries, and Belgian fanatics. We have nothing to apologise for. It is of no consequence whatever if all the monuments ever created, all the pictures ever painted, all the buildings ever erected by the great architects of the world, be destroyed. The ugliest stone placed to mark the burial place of a German grenadier is a more glorious monument than all the cathedrals of Europe put together. No respect for the tombs of Shakespeare, Newton or Faraday. They call us barbarians. What of it? Let us abolish unripe and false shame. To us is given faith, hope and hatred —but hatred is the greatest among them.*

And it is with this nation of obscene lunatics, and stark mad beasts with jaws dribbling froth and blood, that we are to be squeamish in our dealings! Oh, bleats of the Mighty, oh, cries of the piffling pigmy peace crank!

What Would Christ Say?

A question that will assuredly arise in the minds of those who ponder this grim subject is—what would the divine Master Himself say as to the question of reprisals? Christ unquestionably forbade the avenging of private wrongs and injuries, and exhorted to the individual the exercise of the largest possible spirit of forgiveness. But the demand for reprisal stands in a category wholly apart from private resentment; it is, on the contrary, in large measure altruistic. It is a protest by thousands, who have not yet suffered, on behalf of those who have already suffered, and an urgent demand that there shall be no more victims of wanton savagery. It is not a clamour merely for revenge, and it is not simply an outcome of the instinct of self-preservation. Again, there are two features which stand out conspicuously in the record of the transcendent life—and these are, the gentleness with which the great and divine Master treated women and His exquisite tenderness to little children. What, then, would Christ have said and done to the German soldier who carried a baby spitted on his bayonet, the little thing's arms being seen to wave feebly for a moment in its agony? If it is abortions of Hell—such as this unspeakable fiend—that German women bring forth, were it not well that some at least of them should die? If a whole nation has forgotten or defied God, and tramples under foot the sacred principles of mercy and compassion, what would Christ's judgment be? Did He hesitate to use the scourge on the money-changers who defiled the Temple? Would He hesitate to sanction fiery scourges, carrying all consequences for those who have defiled and murdered women, and slain, and even tortured, the little ones He loved so well? Reprisals will not be with the design to slay German women and children—but, by inspiring terror in a foe that terror alone can influence, to save the further ruthless slaughter of our own. And so ye mighty, both in Church and State, cease to talk tosh and to paralyse the strong arms that would strike hard if you would let them. Realise that the nation is up against a foe fiendish, unmoral, and such as no Christian nation has ever been called on to fight before.

FARMING, FIGHTING AND FOOLING.

BRINGING IN THE MAIMED, THE HALT, THE BLIND AND EPILEPTIC.

Whence come the instructions to recruiting officers to fool about after the blind and halt and lame? Who is the inspiring genius at the War Office possessed of the idea that, because the military authorities have got their Compulsory Service Act, therefore it is a good thing for the country that they should take unfit men from the only jobs they can do and press them into the only jobs they can't? Just think a minute, and tell us whether you can have imagined this happening out of a lunatic asylum or a comic opera:

At Stowmarket Sessions the other day, a farm labourer employed at Stonham Parva was charged with failing to report himself for military service. He is a youth of 19, is a patient at Ipswich Hospital for weakness of the heart, and in addition he is an epileptic. Of these facts the Superintendent of Police informed the military authorities when he was instructed to arrest the absentee. Nevertheless, they maintained their pigheaded attitude that, as the man belonged to them, they were entitled to get him—and get him they would, unfit or not. And what happened? Even while the charge was being made against him in the police office he fell down in a fit, which lasted an hour. Of course, there is such a thing as shamming. But shammers don't sham before the police for an hour at a stretch. Nor did the military make that suggestion. "The Superintendent said a letter had been received from the Recruiting Office stating that the man was passed by the Medical Board as fit for service at home. The military, he said, could only take fits into consideration if they took place in the presence of a doctor."

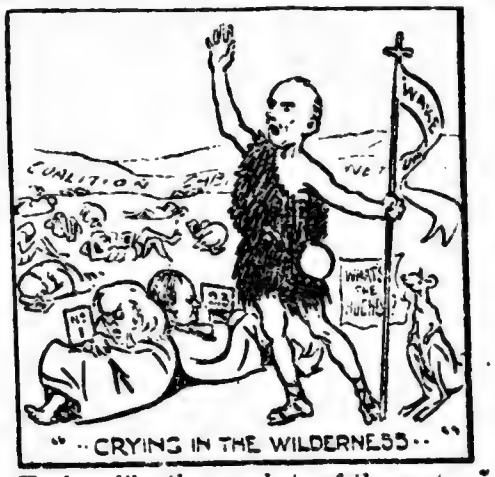
Was ever proposition so idiotic? Here is an epileptic. He is taken from his occupation on the useful, necessary farm, drilled and turned into a soldier, and nothing will excuse him unless he gives the Army Doctor previous notice that he is going to have a fit. How much notice the Army Doctor is to have is not stated. Will a week's notice do, or a month's, or will it be sufficient if he walks into the Army Doctor's tent and informs him that he feels fits are about and he expects one to arrive in a minute-and-a-half, Summer Time? If, when he arrives at the Medical Department to give notice of a fit, the Army Doctor isn't there, but is busy passing a man with a floating kidney, a microbic lung, a diseased medulla oblongata, a fatty heart, and a wooden leg in two places, what is the regulation then? Is the epileptic to go away and postpone his fit till the doctor can come along and witness it?

There are some dummed things in this war which amuse us more than a cage of monkeys, and the insistent grabbing of obviously unfit men is one of them. This man was passed by the Medical Board for home service, argues the Recruiting Officer. What is the idea of home service for a man like this, if he is not to be left in home service as a farm hand?

"John Bull's" Weekly Cinema.

Bull-Doggerel Rhymes, by the "Bow-Wow."

Behold our bouncing ten-year-old,
A lusty child indeed!
His motto still shall be "Be bold!"
And fearlessness his creed.



Hughes, like the prophets of the past,
Propounds great truths in vain;
Our rulers glances on him cast,
Then go to sleep again.

Oh, happy are the single men
In Government employ,
For Asquith deems them indispensable—the Lord knows why!

Still to the slaughter is the Hun
By King and Prince devoted,
Till Death himself at grim Verdun
With blood and tears is glutted.

At Whitsun workers still must work,
While politicians rest
(Which is another name for shirk),
Or take their sports with zest.

Oh, pity the poor Volunteer,
Whom big bugs all despise,
Forbidding when he would appear
In a true soldier's guise.

"Good" Company

To the party in the easy, who is fat and fifty-three,
Smoking Chairman Juniors just as jolly as can be,
We suggest he sends a packet
To the boy in khaki jacket,
Just to help him stand the racket
And to keep him company.

If a smoker of cigarettes you cannot do better than have Chairman Juniors. The fact that they are in make, quality, aroma and coolness exactly the same as the original Chairman cigarettes is an absolute guarantee of their excellence. In size, however, they are a little smaller to enable them to be sold everywhere at

10 for 3d.

In Chairman Juniors all the value is in the cigarettes, as there are no coupons or pictures with them.... And they are made and guaranteed in every particular by

R. J. LEA, Ltd., Manchester.

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 14.

THE TALK OF THE ARMY.

OUR

SUMMER

BREECHES

Cut to your special measure.

IN KHAKI DRILLS & CORDS. 12/6 Cool to Wear. Smart in Cut.

Superior Qualities, 18/11. 21/-. 25/-. 30/-

PATTERNS SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

Dept. B.J. BEDFORD RIDING BREECHES CO.,

29, GREAT TITCHFIELD STREET, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

SAMPLE FREE

COW & GATE Pure English MILK FOOD IN POWDER FORM.

"BABIES LOVE IT."

Recommended by the Medical Profession.

Never was the welfare of ch ld-life of such importance as now!

THE EMPIRE'S SOUND FOUNDATION—HEALTHY BABIES.—Use the "Cow and Gate" Milk Food (in powder form) and ensure that Britannia's Reserve Battalions shall be cheery, healthy, vigorous successors to our Heroes of to-day. Initiate, promote, and maintain, the health and vigour of YOUR Baby by using the famous "Cow and Gate" Milk Food.

Purity, ease of digestion, and highest nutritive value, make this Food THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR MOTHER'S MILK. SAVES THE LIVES OF DELICATE INFANTS.

Makes them strong and vigorous. Eminently safe to take the place of, or supplement, breast feeding. If taken by the mother herself, invaluable to increase and maintain the maternal supply.

Recommended by the Medical Profession.

If YOUR Baby is not thriving procure a tin of this Safe Food To-Day.

A BOON TO MOTHERS.

Blue label (for infants from birth to 6 months), 10½d., 1/8, 4/9.
Pink label (for infants from 6 months), 1/-, 1/11, 5/7.
Sold by all Good Chemists and Stores.

FREE TESTING SAMPLE on receipt of two penny stamps can be obtained of the

Sole Manufacturers, THE WEST SURREY CENTRAL DAIRY Co., Ltd. (Dept. 12), Guildford Surrey. B.D. & Co.

KEATING'S POWDER KILLS BUGS FLEAS MOTHS BEETLES

BODY VERMIN

A Safe and Simple Cure and Preventive.

SANITAS

ANTI-VERMIN PASTE

The best gift for the soldier at home or abroad. Price 9d. per tin. Detail and sample from the "Sanitas" Company, Ltd. Limehouse London. E.

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.—We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e.*, we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment; and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will personally refund the purchase money provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.

HOW TO OVERCOME TEETH TROUBLES.

By "Health Adviser."

We are all tortured by our teeth; if the nerve-racking pain is not present now we know that it may occur at any moment, and some lives are spoiled by the dread of it.

But it is within the power of every man and woman to say: "I will NOT be tortured by my teeth; I will get rid of that trouble NOW!"

How to get rid of it? The answer is simple.

The teeth form part of a beautiful machine designed by Nature. A great expert, who has made the study of this machine his life's work, places his services at your disposal. If the machinery of your teeth is wrong he will go straight to the cause of the trouble; if the machine is going wrong he will tell you why and when it is going wrong, and how to prevent it from going wrong.

That expert is Mr. Goldberg, 27, New Cavendish Street, Harley Street, London, W. (Telephone number 2002 Mayfair.)

The New Dentistry.

Mr. Goldberg works on commonsense lines; he takes his patients into his confidence. If it is not necessary to have your aching teeth extracted he will tell you why it is not necessary, and after he has relieved you from the pain he will save your teeth.

On the other hand, if Mr. Goldberg decides that the offending teeth should be removed you may be quite sure that his advice will be sound (because it will be based on scientific knowledge). Also, you may be equally sure that Mr. Goldberg will extract those teeth without causing you the slightest pain or inconvenience. He has robbed his own operating room of all the terrors commonly associated with the word "Dentist."

All Teeth Troubles at an End.

A young friend who has been badly mauled at times by old-fashioned dentists assured me recently that he had come to regard a dentist's room as a torture chamber. "But," he added, "after I had had a little chat with Mr. Goldberg I had such confidence in his knowledge and abilities that I knew I was safe in trusting myself to him. That wonderful chair of his seemed to beckon me to its soft embrace; I yielded, and almost immediately all my teeth troubles were over. I wish I had gone to Mr. Goldberg years ago; of course, I would have gone to him if anyone had advised me to go."

The moral is obvious.

Marvels of Science.

And when the teeth are out? What then? Well, Mr. Goldberg believes in bar and bridge work for false teeth. This simply means that the artificial teeth are linked up invisibly to the sound teeth in one's head. In this way Mr. Goldberg saves you from the necessity of having a dental plate in your mouth; a plate destroys, to a certain extent, the pleasure of the palate. If you have neglected your teeth for a long time you may have to have several removed, and then a plate will be necessary; in that case you may be sure that Mr. Goldberg will make a plate that will fit your mouth perfectly.

Good Teeth Mean Good Health.

Possibly you have a prejudice against artificial teeth; you think you can "get along somehow" with only half—possibly less than half—the number of teeth that Nature gave you. If you think that, you are deluding yourself. Artificial teeth are necessary from the point of view of comfort, of appearance, and of health. You cannot be in good health if you cannot masticate your food properly, and you cannot masticate your food properly if you are short of teeth.

Listen to the opinion of a great surgeon on this point.

Sir Henry Thompson, Bart., F.R.C.S., M.B.Lond., etc., says:

> "Far be it from me to undervalue the truly artistic achievements of a clever and experienced dental surgeon, or the comforts which he affords. By all means let us have recourse to his aid when our natural teeth fail, for the purpose of vocal articulation, to say nothing of their relation to personal appearance; on such grounds the artificial substitutes rank among the necessaries of life in a civilised community. But it must be also understood that the great aid of teeth, so far as mastication is concerned, is still necessary in advancing age for all the food which has to be taken, whatever it consists of."

Good artificial teeth are "among the necessaries of life." Remember that.

Let me add, for the benefit of those who may not know their London, that Mr. Goldberg's consulting rooms at 27, New Cavendish Street, are easily accessible from all parts of the Metropolis. You can either call on Mr. Goldberg at any time and take your chance of finding him disengaged, or you can make an appointment by ringing up Mayfair 2002. You will find that there is no "swank" about Mr. Goldberg; unlike some other fashionable dentists he does not pretend to be busy when he is really disengaged.

Lastly—and this is an important point at the present day—you will find that Mr. Goldberg's fees are quite moderate. I give the address once more in order to impress it on your memory.

Mr. Goldberg, 27, New Cavendish Street, W. (Telephone 2002 Mayfair.) [ADVT.

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P.

DEAR PREMIER,—Forgive me, but aren't we getting rather at sixes and sevens? In the first place there was your own visit to Ireland, which, no doubt, was of the first importance; but common politeness compels me to assume that you were sadly missed in Downing Street and Whitehall. Now, the Minister of Munitions has been taken off his job to search for a settlement of the Eternal Problem, and the Home Secretary, whose place, beyond that of any Minister, should surely be at "home," has been packed off to Dublin on some mission of high importance—Birrell has gone to Spain; and Heaven only knows who may be the next to go! Everything may be all right, of course, but I am bound to say that the ease with which some of you gentlemen can evidently be spared is causing a lot of rude things to be said.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Earl Kitchener, K.G.

DEAR WAR LORD,—Your formal conference with your Parliamentary critics was a novel departure, from which no great harm, and, I think, very little good, is likely to result. These carpers have no popular backing; the fact is that you retain the implicit confidence of the overwhelming majority of your fellow countrymen, who do not expect you to waste your precious time in verbal defence of a policy which is being rapidly justified by events. History will prove that, in the face of perils of which as yet we can form but the dimmest conception, you have been our sure sword and shield.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Walter Runciman, M.P., President of the Board of Trade.

DEAR MR. RUNCIMAN,—Since your appointment to your present office I have been your constant critic, but I have never doubted your energetic devotion to your public duties, and I beg you to accept my sincere sympathy in your unfortunate breakdown in health. I trust it may prove but a temporary check to your activities, and that you may soon be in a position to furnish me with further occasions for remonstrance. Happily, I have no doubt of the quality of your patriotism. Antagonists, we may yet be friends.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Arthur Henderson, M.P.

DEAR MR. HENDERSON,—Congratulations are due to you upon the success of your efforts to induce trades unionists to forgo their Whitsun holidays at the call of national duty. Not for the first time you have risked unpopularity in the discharge of a patriotic task, subordinating private and Party considerations to the supreme concern of war. I am not going to insult you with thanks for what, after all, is the plain duty of every loyal citizen. But we shall not forget.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. A. T. Guttery, President-Elect of the Primitive Methodist Conference.

REVEREND SIR,—From the speech made by you at Ludlow to your fellow Primitive Methodists, I gather that you are a converted pacifist, and that your two sons are in the Army. I should, therefore, much like to approve of your oration in its entirety. But you drifted into platitudes; however, I will let them pass—but then you spoke, for instance, of "all this talk about a Business Government. . . . Think of it! Asquith must go and Carson take his place! Heaven help us! Think of it! Balfour must go and Beresford take his place! The Lord have mercy on us! Think of it! McKenna must go and Horatio Bottomley handle the national purse! The Lord help us!" When a minister of the Gospel leaves the Gospel and turns to politics, he should play fair. When he invents his own notion of a Business Government and invites criticism of his own creations by parading them as the views of other people, interlarding the mixture with pious ejaculations—well, is not that rather—*Guttery?*

JOHN BULL.

To Lord Devonport, Port of London Authority.

MY LORD,—The other day you went to pay an official visit to Tilbury Dock. As you were expected about 11 o'clock, at 10 o'clock they began to clear the road for you—just at the busiest time. Some of your tugs towed the lighters away and kept them away, even though they were loading. As you know, you did not arrive till 2.30, and some of the lightermen, tired of waiting, and wasting time, had put their barges back to their ships, so as to get on a bit. But your tugs would not permit that; back they came, and back went the barges—all to keep the water clear for your noble self and your majestic vessel—the said vessel being described to me as "about 25 feet long and 6 feet wide," though perhaps that is a calumny. She was escorted by two tugs, and she wasted about 4½ hours of working-time, also the time and money spent on getting the barges away from their ships and back again. I won't say a word about the wasted coal, but I do think you are business man enough to see that such elaborate ceremony shall not be repeated on your next visit of inspection.

JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. Mr. Justice Avory.

DEAR "HORACE,"—Forgive this homely form of address, but we are old acquaintances, aren't we?—and you are evidently becoming quite a homely sort of person. Regarding it as "the duty of a Judge to keep himself acquainted with all phases of human life and affairs," you "sometimes ride in trams"; I quote your own modest confession, by which, as they say in royal circles, I am "greatly touched." Personally, I should hardly look to a trip on a tram for an exposition of "all phases of human life and affairs," but, depend upon it, m'lud, there's a good deal to be learned in these popular vehicles if only you keep your eyes skinned; therefore, as I have sometimes remarked before, you are not a bad judge.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Canon Rolfe, Chairman of Board of Guardians, Derby.

DEAR CANON,—I am grieved to perceive that, as a result of a decision of the Guardians to allow a widow with three children relief to the extent of but 12s., instead of 15s. as he proposed, Mr. Frank Porter, one of your members, referred to the Board as a "damnable lot of hypocrites," and then departed whence he came. I have not sufficient experience of your members to decide whether you are hypocrites, but I trust you will not be damned—at least, not yet—for in my view everybody ought to have one chance of reformation. Please, however, inform Mr. Porter that I have taken note of his official remarks with a view to further reference in case the goods should chance to justify the specification.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Austen Chamberlain, Secretary of State for India, Whitehall.

DEAR MR. CHAMBERLAIN,—One of the very few good things which have come out of Parliament in recent days is your declaration that in the matter of Tariff Reform you do not regard yourself as "bound either to the exact measures you advocated before the war, or even by rigid rules as to what in the circumstances in which we find ourselves after the war you may consider best." In other words, you have rid yourself, so far as that particular question is concerned, of Party bias. If other politicians will follow this excellent example, how much gain in Business common-sense will be won, and how much bitter acrimony will be lost!

JOHN BULL.

To Sir Ernest Shackleton, Antarctic Explorer.

DEAR SIR ERNEST,—It is no idle compliment to say that I am much relieved by the news of your safety; and it is with deep interest I have read your stirring tale of hair-breadth adventure in the frozen South. It is good to know that your daring expedition has been fruitful of results; and I sincerely hope that timely measures of relief may avert the perils still threatening a section of your party. By the way, have you heard about the war with Germany?

JOHN BULL.

Sign, and be safe. See Free Insurance offer, page 31.

THE STORY OF "JOHN BULL."

LET me tell, for the first time, the story of the genesis of this journal. It was on February 21st, 1906—the day that I walked into the House of Commons to take my seat, after the January election—that the idea of the paper was born. The ceremony of "swearing in" being over, I strolled into the Lobby, where I espied a journalistic friend, Harry Marks, of the *Financial News*. I was glad to find anybody in that strange crowd whom I knew, and eagerly sought his guidance, as an old member, into the mysteries of the place. Before long he and I were alone in the Lobby. "Come down to one of the little Committee rooms below," said my companion, "and let us have a cup of tea and a quiet chat." Five minutes later we were sitting at the window of Room D, I think it was, overlooking the Terrace. "Well, what are your plans now that you have got here?" asked Marks. "To drop the City altogether," I replied; "to devote myself to politics and *to start a newspaper*." Marks thought for a moment and then replied, "Well, I think you are about the only man who *could* make a new paper go—but what about the title?" And then we set to work endeavouring to find a name which should denote the character of the journal I had planned out. One, I remember, was *Man*—which we both rather liked—but suddenly Marks said, "Why not revive the old *John Bull*—the original one, which was edited by Theodore Hook? *There's* a title for you!" And, in a second, the idea had taken possession of me—I was fascinated with it, and instinctively I felt that I had found the very name for which I had been searching. And all the rest of that day, and all through the night, I pondered over the potentialities of such a paper; and the more I pondered, the more the scheme captivated me.

Getting Ready to Start.

The next thing was to find a Printer and a Publisher; and I soon discovered what I was up against. Every firm I approached turned me down. The thing was too risky; there was no room for another paper; the danger of libel was too great—and the cash wasn't particularly safe! I began to despair, when one day I was advised to approach Mr. J. S. Elias, then a very young man, but who had already succeeded in laying the foundations of the great printing and publishing house of Odhams—then of Floral Street Covent Garden, and now of Long Acre. I saw him, and soon became aware that I had met no ordinary, conventional business man. Full of energy and enthusiasm—with a wonderful genius for organisation and detail; of great force of character, and fired with unquenchable commercial ambition—he had just signed an agreement to remove his firm's business to its present palatial premises, and was on the look-out for new contracts wherever they were going. And in this mood I found him. I think I may say that we at once became friends. He was a little nervous at first, although from the outset he was profoundly interested in my project. We made up "dummies" of the paper, discussed its proposed features, sketched out posters and newspaper advertisements—and generally settled the plan of campaign. All seemed plain sailing now—till one day came a rude shock. We were sitting in my rooms in Pall Mall, putting the finishing touches to the scheme when, very apologetically, Elias informed me that there was only one question left open in the minds of his Board—*what about finance?* Let me here state the simple truth that at that period I had left my fortune behind me in the City, and so I came straight to the point, telling my ardent young collaborator that that was the one thing I *hadn't* arranged. He took the news with stoical calmness, and proceeded to calculate the risk I was asking his firm to incur. "We are not going to be beaten," he declared, after a pause. "I am prepared to trust you so far as the printing of the paper is concerned." (At that time the Odhams house were printers only, their publishing department having been established at a later date.) Well, that was a good start, but there were still three other things to be fixed up—publishing, publicity and editorial arrangements. First, then, I sought out my old publisher of the *Sun*—Mr. Young, whom I discovered as the London manager of Sir John Leng and Co., at 186, Fleet Street—and very soon he had agreed to house JOHN BULL, for trade purposes, at that address—thus giving it, from the outset, the hall-mark of "respectability," by placing it under the ægis of the eminent Scotch firm, and associating it, in the eyes of the wholesale newsagents, with such orthodox and unimpeachable publications as the *People's Friend*, the *Dundee Advertiser*. Thus I began to feel that I was getting along well—and I next devoted my attention to the all-important task of securing the necessary publicity to let the world know that JOHN BULL was coming—that it was about to have "a live paper at last." And here again I was particularly fortunate. I was introduced to Mr. Henry Burton, the head of the great advertising house of Partington and Co., and I succeeded in interesting him in my project to such a degree that he threw himself enthusiastically into it—and ere long all the hoardings of England, Scotland and Ireland were heralding the coming of the new paper. One position, in particular, attracted public attention—the great hoarding round the Strand island where the Australian Government buildings now stand. We inaugurated a gallery of monster pictorial posters, and crowds would stand there daily—studying and discussing them—whilst passing 'buses would slow up to give their passengers a view of them. Simultaneously, a family connection of my own, Mr. James Elliott, of Elliott and Co., Advertising Agents, started a newspaper publicity campaign—and soon the whole country was alight with the advent of the new JOHN BULL. And here I recall a little incident which occurred about that time. I was crossing the Channel, and on the boat was Sir Henry Dalziel. Our conversation naturally turned upon JOHN BULL. "You must be spending an enormous amount of money over it," said this experienced newspaper man. "Well," I replied, "I am certainly incurring an enormous number of *liabilities*." I have often heard him tell that story. So much for the business side of the paper. But there remained the editorial department. I was not very closely in touch with "Fleet Street," and, truth to tell, I did not feel that there was any room on my staff for the ordinary, conventional journalist. My desire was to stamp JOHN BULL—for good or evil—with my own individuality, and gradually to get around me writers of independent, unconventional style, who could be trained to my methods and ideas. And the first thing I did was to find Mr. Theodore Dahle, whom I had brought from Leeds some years previously to edit the *Sun*. He is the most trustworthy, painstaking, conscientious working journalist I have ever known, and from the first issue of JOHN BULL he has been my "stand-by"—never having failed me on any occasion. The late Mr. George Wedlake—a previous editor of the old *Echo*, and City editor of the *Star*—also joined the editorial staff and rendered good service—and with Mr. E. C. Wray, who had acted in a similar capacity on the *Sun*, as sub-editor, we launched our first number upon the great sea of journalism on Thursday, June 7th, 1906. I had selected that day because another new paper was being heralded with a great flourish of trumpets, called *P.T.O.*—one of the prolific family of T. P. O'Connor's journalistic

Its Genesis, Its Development and Its Work.

By ***HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.***

brood; and was timed to appear on June 13th. Now "Tay Pay" and I had been good friends in days gone by, and more than once had I rendered financial assistance to his newspaper schemes—most of which, I am sorry to say, were literary as distinguished from commercial successes. But when, one day in the House, I spoke to him of my intended venture, he received the news with such cold interest and treated my jocular reference to JOHN BULL as a formidable rival to his own new paper with such apparent contempt, that I felt justified in trying to forestall him. Thus I got a few days' run on him, as the Yanks say; and although, after his first issue "T. P." "laid it on" as only "T. P." can—telling wonderful stories of record advertising contracts and of agents tumbling over each other for spaces (but eloquently silent on the subject of circulation), *I* was soon able to thank half a million readers for their support. Alas for *P.T.O.!* It soon turned over—and disappeared! And to-day JOHN BULL has a circulation of close upon a million and a-half—which means certainly over three million readers; whilst our advertising rate is constantly going up—and we have to leave out pages upon pages every week. It would be idle to pretend that the whole credit, or anything like it, for this marvellous achievement rests with me. First and foremost, I am indebted to the indefatigable energy and remarkable technical knowledge and skill of my colleague, Mr. Elias, on whom rests the responsibility of the whole of the business management; secondly, the magnificent publicity campaign organised and conducted by Messrs. Partington undoubtedly had the effect of focusing the attention of the public upon my journal; and, finally, I have been remarkably fortunate in gradually gathering around me a staff of loyal and brilliant colleagues—men like A. G. Hales, Charles Palmer, Richard Morton, W. Charles Pilley, Walter Moore, and our brilliant cartoonists, Frank Holland and W. F. Thomas, having reinforced the original staff to which I have already referred, and done much to make JOHN BULL what it is to-day. We have also had occasional special contributions from writers such as Arnold White, the late F. T. Jane, Ben Tillett, the Rev. A. J. Waldron, the Rev. Forbes Phillips, E. T. Goode and Norman Tiptaft—to each and all of whom I take this opportunity of tendering my thanks.

Our First Number.

I have been looking over our first number, and have been interested to see how, from the beginning, we have been consistent in our exposure of the fraud of the old Party System, and in our advocacy of a Business Government—by which is meant the carrying on of the business of the nation in a business manner, with practical men, and not lawyers and philosophers, at the heads of the various public departments. At the outset of our career I find myself writing thus: "We think of inventing a new game for winter evenings. We shall call it Party Politics. It will require a box of figures called Statesmen, and another box containing a collection of speeches—being extracts from debates and answers to questions in the House; and the game will consist of correctly placing the speeches in the hands of the right statesman, each speech having a key number. When all the Statesmen are provided by the players with their speeches, someone will refer to the key, and, examining the speeches in the hands of the figures, will say, 'I find that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is making one of Mr. Balfour's speeches; that Mr. Winston Churchill is using Mr. Chamberlain's words,' and so on—and then the company will laugh and say, 'What a farce the whole thing is!'" And in an Open Letter to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, then Prime Minister, I said: "We admit that you are somewhat handicapped. For in the opinion of an ever-growing number of people the game of Party Politics is played out—they think that Disraeli's description of the Tories as an 'organised hypocrisy' is equally applicable to the Liberals." And I said this: "We have no politics—except the general welfare of the State; no religion—except to do good; no race—except the human one. To us *all* Parties are 'organised hypocrisies'; likewise, all ecclesiastical institutions—only better organised. The parson and the politician we look upon as necessary evils—the one a spiritual, and the other a temporal, policeman—and we hope for the day when the world will have no need for either. The majority of mankind we regard not, with Carlyle, as fools, but as children. There are plenty of *people* about—but very few *individuals*. We thought once of taking MAN for our title—being for manhood and vigour and independence. But in the end we hit upon JOHN BULL. We liked the ring of it; it suggested commonsense and warm blood, and no humbug. There, in a sentence, is our policy—personified in the counterfeit presentment of the mythical individual which adorns our cover."

Our Ten Years' Work.

And now, as I look back upon the ten years which have since come and gone, I feel that, without indulging in any cant, I may be proud of the work which we of JOHN BULL have accomplished. Let me be frank, and say at once that, primarily, the establishment of the paper was a Business proposition—from which point of view it has become a remarkable success. But from the public point of view I do not think I should be wrong in suggesting that our chief claim to appreciation is that we have ever been the champion of the "bottom dog"—whether he has been the victim of official oppression or of personal misfortune. Our "Human Documents" have always constituted a feature of the journal which has appealed especially to me—whilst the relief we have been able to afford through the funds so generously subscribed by our readers has undoubtedly been the means of saving many a home and mending many a broken life. Shams of every description have always been with us taboo. On the constructive side, we have kept our eye upon the establishment of a saner system of government. We have endeavoured to be a true friend to the working man, but have never fooled him by flattery or truckled to him from fear. Our presistent predictions of the coming of the present war are fresh in the minds of readers; whilst to have become the Tribune of the Trenches and the Champion of the Camps is one of my greatest prides. Looking back over our ten years' record, I think I can claim that the world has been better for our coming—that JOHN BULL has been the friend of the oppressed, the upholder of right; that it has symbolised the true spirit of the nation, and that to day it maintains a position and wields an influence unexampled in modern journalism. We are proud of our record, and we value the good will and good opinion of those who are proud of us. We know that the views we hold have done much to cheer the nation in the long months of trial, and that our efforts in the formation of public opinion have been for good. If by our policy we have added to the patriotic strength of the people and ameliorated, in however small a degree, the lot of the poorer of our brethren, our existence has been justified. I know that we are read in palace and castle as well as in pit and cottage—our regular readers are the most cosmopolitan crowd in all the world. At times we say hard things, but I never hurt for the sake of hurting. And there I leave it.

ZA KANEMAN

(Serbian Captain).

The temporary withdrawal from our country has had its compensations. We have made friends and obtained a wider outlook which perhaps our insulated position would have kept from us. If we had not met our English friends we might never have discovered their favourite Cigarette, "Cavander's Army Club." The mildness of these Cigarettes is their charm, and although quite distinct from the Tobacco we have been used to, we like them *vare* much. Yes!

CAVANDER'S

"ARMY CLUB"

CIGARETTES

20 for 9d.

50 for 1/10½

On sale at A. Baker and Co.'s, Bewlay's, Finlay's and Selfridge's Stores, and all other high-class Tobacconists.

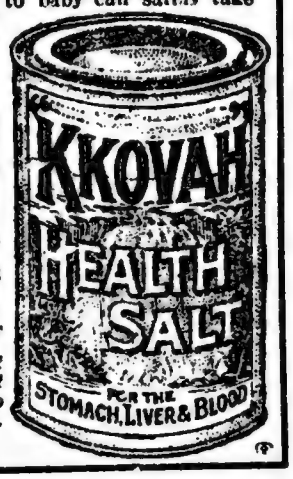
Cavander's, 261, High Street, Glasgow.

Some People

go through life looking at the pavement. It may be laziness—or liver: probably a little of each. There's no need for it. Start the Kkovah habit—a teaspoonful in water first thing in the morning and you'll walk with head erect, filled with the joy of living.

Kkovah Health Salt

is the finest aperient you can take. It's quite mild, simply helps nature to clear all impurities in her own way, and has no harmful reaction. Father, mother, down to baby can safely take it, and they'll be better for it. Start to-morrow morning.



SEND FOR A LARGE TIN.

If unable to obtain, a large tin will be sent on receipt of P.O. or stamps 1/- P.O. case mention grocer and we will refund postage.

Of all Grocers, etc., in 6d. and 1/- tins.

SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM, Ltd.,

Cornbrook, Manchester

Memo: Don't forget to put a tin in the next parcel you send to your boy at the front. It'll keep him fit.

THE UNSPEAKABLE HUN.

MORE COWARDLY OUTRAGES ON BRITISH PRISONERS.

A good deal of publicity has been given to the horrors of the treatment accorded to the British prisoners at Wittenburg, but it is clear that such ebullitions of Hunnish hatred have been by no means confined to one camp—or to one continent. Nowhere is the contrast between British and German methods more vividly presented than in South-West Africa, where, since the British occupation, the conquered Huns have enjoyed a measure of liberty and even of licence wildly exceeding the limits of prudence. The official Report of the Commission of Inquiry into the treatment by the Germans of British South African prisoners of war, before the victories of Generals Botha and Smuts had converted the colony into a British Protectorate, are a record of cold-blooded brutality and studied neglect worthy of an abiding place in the memory of every British citizen. The following brief summary does a good deal less than justice :—

> The British prisoners in South-West Africa were persistently starved, complaints being met with insults and added severities. Fainting from want of food, some of them were compelled to drink the blood of slaughtered oxen. Apart from the poverty of the rations, the sanitary arrangements were abominable, many of the prisoners being confined in vermin-infested cells and in surroundings of indescribable filth. The whole system was a negation of the common decencies; civilian prisoners, for instance, being compelled to appear half-naked before women and natives, and subjected to every conceivable indignity.

One of the worst cases was that of Captain Geary, an Intelligence Officer, taken prisoner at Sandfontein, and, although wearing the uniform of the British South African Defence Force, confined in a civil gaol and denied the privileges attaching to the status of a prisoner-of-war. For six and a half months Captain Geary, although suffering from the effects of severe wounds, was kept in solitary confinement in a cell measuring 13 feet by 7 feet; only the briefest period of daily exercise being allowed him, and this in the company of convicted criminals, the normal occupants of the gaol. The cell was infested with bugs, there were no effective sanitary arrangements, and the entire surroundings were of a most unsavoury kind. The food was wretched in quality and scanty in the extreme. From private sources, we might supplement the disclosures of the official Report, which is couched for the most part in terms of marked restraint. From personal experience, our informants speak of cells so heavily infested with bugs that there was not an inch of the walls that was not covered with these unsavoury pests. So bad was the food that prisoners with money lived almost entirely at their own expense, others less fortunately placed being reduced to the limits of exhaustion. The treatment accorded to Captain Geary was in no sense exceptional, solitary confinement under severe pains and penalties being a common incident of the cases brought to our notice. Many of the prisoners had succumbed or been reduced to extremities before the triumph of the British Forces brought release from their cruel fate; yet, now that the tables are turned, the British authorities seem to be bent on killing the Hun prisoners with kindness, treating them in every respect as though they had strictly conformed to the usages of civilised war. In this connection, astounding information has reached us, and, if half we hear is true, it is small wonder that the present administration of South-West Africa is the subject of angry comment throughout the Union.

MUCH ADO ABOUT WATER.

STUPID DOUBLE DUTY AT THE M.W B.

Following a dispute with the Metropolitan Water Board, it cut off the water at two houses belonging to the other disputant; then they put it on again. Of course, the landlord had to pay. And he had to pay in advance —18s. 7d. in one case, 15s. in the other. When the taps began to gush again, the Water Board detailed the little accounts to make them square. Complaining of a seriously depleted staff, they carefully did double work. Instead of sending one letter and one account, they sent two letters on foolscap paper, two accounts on ditto, two cheques—one for 1s. 10d. and one for 4s. 11d., balance of charges overestimated—a couple of receipt forms, and a brace of envelopes, one stamped, to return them in. It seems to us that a little more attention to business on the part of the Metropolitan Water Board would simplify matters and save expense, while the men who have gone would not be missed so much.

WHO EXAMINES EXAMINERS?

SOME STRANGE OFFICIALS AT WOOLWICH.

Mr. Lloyd George is hereby requested to inquire whether it is true that at Woolwich Dockyard men are employed as 2nd and 3rd class Examiners "who have obtained their positions by back-door influence and who know practically nothing regarding the work which they are put to inspect." For instance, information reaches us that a stone mason, a silk-hat finisher, and an ex-policeman "inspect" woodwork; that one grocer's assistant "inspects" steel and iron products, while another keeps an eye on special tin ware; that an insurance agent "inspects" pontoon boats, a gardener bridging stores, a sewing-machine canvasser pontoon stores, and a quack doctor magnetic compasses—and so on and so forth. What we are terribly afraid of is that somebody will presently come along and whisper in our ear that a butcher is "inspecting" naval guns. We really *should* like to win this war, if poss.

THIS FIGURE in an advertisement is the imprimatur of a reliable and trustworthy announcement.

It is to express in a simple recognisable form the policy, the aim, the ambitions of David Moseley & Sons, Ltd.

It stands as a symbol of Moseley experience, skill, achievement, and commercial integrity.

MOSELEY

MOTOR, MOTOR-CYCLE AND CYCLE TYRES.

Over a period of more than 84 years, years of patient unremitting research, experiment and endeavour, Moseleys have been engaged in the handling and manipulation of rubber: a rare experience. The result, the achievement, is evident to-day in the all-round excellence of Moseley Tyres.

Catalogues and Price Lists Post Free from

DAVID MOSELEY & SONS LTD., CHAPEL FIELD WORKS :: ARDWICK :: MANCHESTER.
MANCHESTER: 2, 4, & 6, New Brown St. :: :: :: LONDON: 51 & 52, Aldermanbury, E.C.
GLASGOW: 126, Ingram Street. :: :: :: BIRMINGHAM: 4, Lancaster Street, Corporation Street.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: 44 & 46, High Bridge. :: :: DUBLIN: 16, William Street.

C.W.H.

BROOKS

supremacy is due to the practice which "makes perfect"—directed for 35 years to the attainment of ideal saddle comfort.

BROOKS BOOK. Post free
J.B.BROOKS & Co Ltd
92. CRITERION WORKS.
BIRMINGHAM.

A BICYCLE CASH DOWN 7/11

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.

WHITELEYS

£4 15 0

EASY PAYMENT TERMS.
12 Monthly Payments of 7/11.
(A year's credit without one penny extra charge.)
Cycle Delivered After First Payment.

We have temporarily sold out our Lady's "Record" Model (Price 99/6). We are, however, booking orders forward. Order now and secure early delivery. Carriage Paid to Your Door.

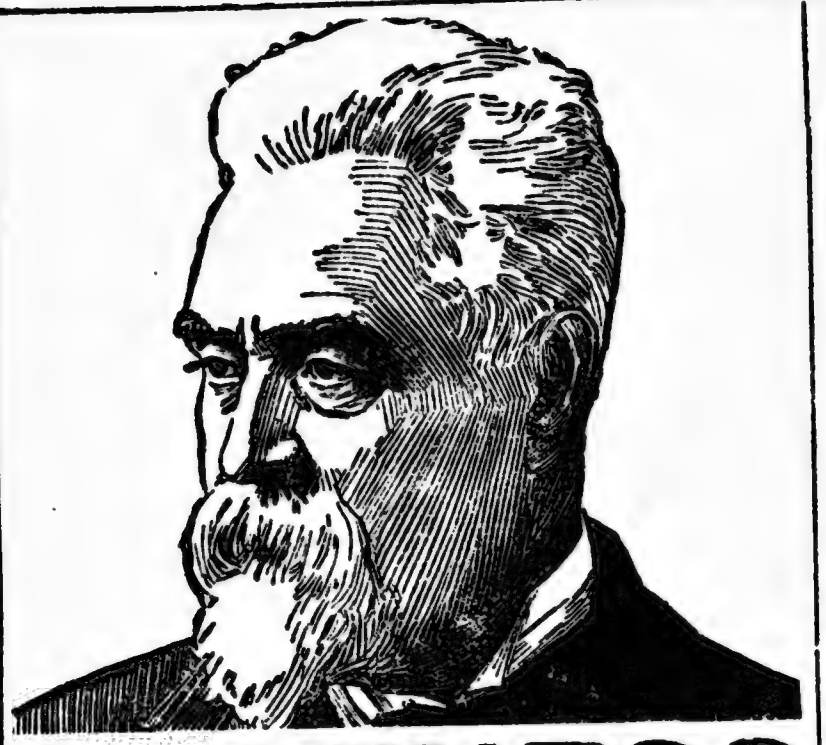
The Biggest Stock in Great Britain. RALEIGHS, HUMBERS, JAMES, ROVERS, or any other Standard Make supplied.

Illustrated Lists Post Free.

WM. WHITELEY LTD. QUEEN'S ROAD, LONDON, W. ::

Please mention "John Bull."

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 14.



DEAFNESS CATARRH

EAR NOISES, ASTHMA, HAY FEVER & COLDS.

MAXIM GUN INVENTOR DISCOVERS SIMPLE HOME REMEDY.

Thousands Already Relieved and Cured.

SIR HIRAM MAXIM WISHES ALL SUFFERERS TO HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY OF LEARNING, FREE OF CHARGE, HOW TO CURE THEMSELVES.

We are able to announce to-day a significant development in the cure of all kinds of Ear, Nose, Throat, and Lung troubles by Sir Hiram Maxim, the veteran inventor, of Maxim gun fame.

Everyone who would like to read about this discovery should fill in coupon below (½d. stamp only needed), or send a postcard to Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licensees (Dept. J.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

This triumph over chronic diseases which have been regarded as almost incurable is the outcome of Sir Hiram's own sufferings.

He has now cured himself by a simple home appliance and has also restored to health thousands of others similarly afflicted, and wishes that all sufferers, rich and poor alike, should have a free opportunity of learning how to cure their own ailments at home without any interference with their daily occupations.

Those who have benefited already by this quick and easy method include sufferers from :—

CATARRH, DEAFNESS, HEAD NOISES, COLDS AND COUGHS, ASTHMA, HAY FEVER.

You may have been disappointed by other methods but remember that Sir Hiram Maxim has a world-honoured reputation and would never attach his name to an invention which had not been proved of practical utility and a great success.

It will be found that after a few minutes' use of the Pipe of Peace Home Treatment the Catarrh, Cough, or Tightness is relieved and the expectoration diminished.

The hearing improves, ear noises gradually stop. The stuffiness in nose and uncomfortable feeling in the throat and chest disappear, and give place to ease and comfort. Running at the nose stops, and bouts of sneezing cease instantly. An ever-increasing improvement will be felt, and in most cases a complete cure of the trouble will take place in a short time.

FREE TO-DAY.

Send for a free copy of the Home Doctor book, and read there some of the letters received from users of Sir Hiram Maxim's wonderful appliance. They tell of the most wonderful cures effected by this discovery—a discovery everyone can now utilise for their own benefit at a small cost.

FREE COUPON

Fill in your name and address, or write it out on a sheet of paper and send it to-day to Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licensees (Dept. J.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me, in accordance with Sir Hiram Maxim's offer, a free copy of the Home Doctor.

Name .....

Address.....

.....

MORE MEN and MORE WRIGLEY'S "SPEARMINT"

CHEWING GUM.

That's the call—the more men, the more Wrigley's. Every seasoned soldier knows the bracing, satisfying effect of Wrigley's Chewing Gum, and every new recruit should follow "Tommy's" advice and make a special point of always having Wrigley's handy—

but it must be WRIGLEY'S.

Carry a few bars with you and you will soon forget the hardships of campaign life. Wrigley's keeps the mouth moist, allays thirst, prevents fatigue, and makes a smoke doubly enjoyable. Besides it's splendid for the digestion and teeth, and it keeps the breath sweet. Be sure and carry a packet in your kit! It lasts a long time.

½d. per bar ; 2½d. per sealed pkt. 5 bars, or 1/6 complete box of 40 bars.

Millions of bars sold daily. Of all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Chemists, and all branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, or direct from

WRIGLEY'S Ltd., 8, Lambeth Palace Road, S.E.

When buying Dog, Poultry & Cage Bird FOODS —be careful of fancy names.

Some foods you *think* are SPRATT'S are *not* SPRATT'S at all. Always look for the name

SPRATT'S

and the TRADE MARK X

SPRATT'S PATENT LTD.,
24-25, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 14.

WAR TIME WASTE.

ISLINGTON COUNCIL ON THE LOOSE.

With Cabinet Ministers accepting part of their modest stipends in War Scrip, and other brilliant examples of public economy before our eyes, we are a little disturbed at the action of the Islington Borough Council in advancing the salary of their Town Clerk by increments which in five years will amount to £400. When last we referred to the matter, there seemed just a possibility that prudence might prevail, and this further draft upon the ratepayers' pockets be postponed till more normal times; but in the matter of "war economy" the Borough Councillors of Islington have notions of their own, and when the extravagant proposal came up for final decision only two of their number had the courage to resist the demand. It is contended that the increase is "a small matter," and so, doubtless, it might be to a Rockefeller or a Carnegie, but to the Town Clerk of Islington it is a tidy windfall, his maximum salary being now fixed at the healthy figure of £1,000 per annum. For aught we know, the fortunate gentleman may be worth double the money—it is said that he has effected substantial economies in municipal administration—but we hold to our opinion that the present is a most inopportune moment for such an addition to the burden of the ratepayers. In the matter of war-economy the Islington Borough Council have certainly set a shockingly bad example to the rest of us, and especially to the ratepayers of Islington, who naturally look to their chosen representatives for light and leading in these dark days.

OFFICER AND TAILOR.

DOING DOUBLE DUTY IN THE ARMY.

The best traditions of the Army are very badly handled when an officer takes advantage of his rank to push his private trade. A young man expecting to receive a commission was placed for instruction and report under a certain officer whom we may call Smith, because that is not his name, and who in private life runs a tailoring business, which we may designate Brown and Co., for the same reason as before. The young probationer, on attending for instruction, was asked by Smith, "Where are you buying your kit?" He replied that he had not decided, whereupon Smith said, significantly, as he handed over the business card of Brown and Co., "You cannot do better than go there. *I* am Brown and Co." A nod is as good as a wink to a budding officer, so our friend consented to trade with the firm. No further "instruction" came from Smith, all military mysteries being expounded by a corporal, but the young man received his commission in due course, and paid over a considerable sum to Brown and Co. The worst of the bargain is that some of the articles purchased are ill-fitting and unsatisfactory, but Smith refuses to refund any of the cash.

GREAT STOTT!

"YOURS IS MINE; MINE'S MY OWN."

Mr. J. S. Rawson, one of the Yorkshire Military Representatives, must believe in the dictum of Emerson that consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds. Mr. Rawson, it should be explained, has an "estate." On a recent day, the Sowerby District Council appealed on behalf of their Surveyor, Mr. John Smith, as an indispensable man. "Mr. Smith is a most eligible man for the Army," exclaimed Mr. Rawson with cheery spirit, "and I am out to rake every possible man into the Army." Mr. Rawson had quite another song to sing when, as the owner of the estate, he appealed for his own "estate foreman and foreman mason," one Percy Stott. In this case, the Army could go hang. It was more important that Stott should serve Rawson than that he should fight for his country. Stott, he said, could not be replaced, and if the Tribunal "took Stott away he would have to consider giving up his job as Military Representative." This gentleman also appealed on behalf of one Lummis, "on the ground that he was a coachman and handyman" about the estate; and presumably if he had been of military age Mr. Rawson would have appealed on behalf of himself on the ground that if he were raked in he would have to give up the estate and Stott and Lummis also. Happily the Sowerby Bridge Tribunal is an accommodating body. Smith was allowed until September, Stott until November, and Lummis till August, after which doubtless everybody will appeal for everybody again. Meanwhile we confidently look forward to seeing Mr. Rawson raking in all the eligible men except his own.

PERSECUTED BY TRACTS.

FLAUNTING DEATH IN FIGHTERS' FACES.

Somebody, whose bad taste is as malicious as it is execrable, is sending out to soldiers at the front numbers of a horrid little "tract" bearing the ghastly title, "Does Death End All?" It is written by "J. R.," and published by John Ritchie—presumably "J. R."—of Kilmarnock. Imagine a man hourly anticipating battle, prepared to die, if he must, for his country, having such sentences as these thrust beneath his eyes:—"That men die like beasts; that they are annihilated. . . . They would rather be as 'the beasts that perish.' . . . Death will not annihilate you; it will deliver you up to judgment. The grave will not conceal you." It is the sickly, ranting, canting kind of stuff usually reserved for the frightening of kiddies at Sunday school; to deal it out to the man in the firing line is a cowardly and coarse affront. But John Ritchie, of Kilmarnock, perhaps cares little whose susceptibilities he hurts or whose feelings he insults so long as he can sell his obnoxious papers at the indicated price of "4d. per 100." Any buyer can be rude to a hundred soldiers for fourpence.

Wireless Officer in Twelve Weeks.

Mr. L. Ostler, Edinburgh.

Let us train your boy to be a Wireless Operator

The brilliant success of Mr. Ostler, a young day student at our Edinburgh School, should encourage every parent who has a boy over 15 and under 18 years of age to take up our Postal Course. It will help him quickly to success. Youth's opportunity is in the Wireless Service to-day—fine work, good commencing salary, and excellent prospects. No long apprenticeship at poor pay.

FREE BOOK

Everything you want to know is described in it. Every parent and every youth should read it. It is sent post free—write for it now.

Address: Post Manager,

The N.B. WIRELESS SCHOOLS Ltd.

GLASGOW: 141, Bath Street.
EDINBURGH: 48, George Square.
DUNDEE: Melville House.

"VITA" CIGARETTE MAKER

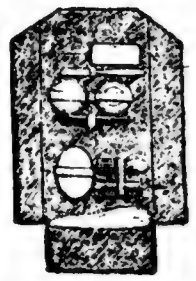
Makes 36 FILTERED or MOUTH-PIECE, or 22 ordinary cigarettes instantly (with cigarette papers or tubes), with 1oz. tobacco; equals 7 for 1d. Best tobacco, 4 for 1d. Filtered cigarettes prevent Sore Throats, and save 3rd per cent. tobacco and there is No waste. Any tobacco can be used

BEST GIFT FOR THE TROOPS

Only weighs ¾ oz.
Fits in Cigarette Case.
LADIES can use it
Nickel, 1/-; Silver-Plated, 1/6; Silver 4/-. Paper Tubes, 1.00, 1/4; 500, 10d.. post free.

"VITA" CO. (DEPT. J.)
41, Limehill Road, Tunbridge Wells.

Soldiers' & Sailors' Shaving Outfit



Made in Khaki Drill. Case fitted with Razor, Shaving Brush, Metal Mirror, Shaving Stick, Tooth Brush and Tooth Powder, Vaseline, Toilet Soap and Towel.

Securely packed in box post free on receipt of P.O. for **7/6**

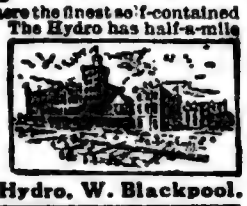
D. HARPER & CO., Ltd., 253-232, Holloway Rd., London, N.

JOHN BULL says:

There is no question that this Toffee de Luxe is the National Sweetmeat—one has only to look around to see that, for it is literally in everybody's mouth, whilst every Sweet-shop seems to be a Mackintosh depot. I've sent tons and tons of it out to my brave lads at the front, and there's nothing they like better.

An Ideal Holiday Awaits You

On the breezy Blackpool Cliffs, where the finest self-contained resort is waiting to welcome you. The Hydro has half-a-mile of Seashore in its own grounds. Electric Lifts, 12 Tennis Courts, Bowling, Croquet, Clock Golf, 18-hole Golf Course, Dancing, Cinematograph, Concerts, Whist Drives, Musical Dinner, 3 Billiard Tables, Large Motor Garage. Write for Hydro Journal to—



J. H. Shorrocks, Norbreck Hydro, W. Blackpool.

Shorthand

The Sloan-Duployan system saves a year's study. Greatest speed record. Illustrated handbook with lesson, &c., free.
SLOAN-DUPLOYAN Headqrs., Dept. 32, Ramsgate.

Maternity

THE prospective Mother will find everything for herself and baby—Maternity Skirts, 12/11, made to measure, Layettes, Cots, etc.—FREE in our wonderful new catalogue, which will be sent free to you on request.
J. B. FINLAY & SONS, Hen dsworth St., Oldham St., Manchester.

LOVELY EYELASHES

"I use Curlash Cream regularly."
Elisabeth Risdon (the Film Beauty)
Phenomenal British Success.
CURLASH CREAM,
brush & advice 1/- & 1/9, post free.
THE J. BALDWIN MFG. CO.,
95, WIGMORE ST. LONDON, W.
N.B. A colourless eyelash food.

RAZOR BLADES FREE

As actual manufacturers of Safety Razor Blades we have up-to-date machinery for RE-SHARPENING OLD BLADES. We will send 2 Gillette-pattern blades, worth 6d., or one of any other make, absolutely free of charge with every dozen re-sharpened blades.
Price for re-sharpening any make of blade (except Durham Duplex and Concave) 1s. 1d. per dozen, post paid. Durham Duplex 2 1, each, concave 4d. each.
SHEFFIELD SAFETY RAZOR BLADE CO., Walter House, 418, Strand, London.

WAR CAMEOS.

PEN PICTURES OF MEN WHO MATTER.

The motorist drove past a military extemporised hospital. Three wounded Tommies looked over the garden wall.

"Ullo, you bloke," said one. "Wot are you doin' for your country?"

"Taking you for a ride if you care to," replied the abashed motorist.

"What 'o," returned the wounded Tommy. "I don't think! 'Aving only one leg left you'll —— well 'ave to give me a leg up inter yer car, but that's all yer need bother. Me two pals 'ere 'ave merely lost blooming arms."

"Right 'o," said the motorist.

"It is too late for you to take them to-day," said the Matron. "If you care to take them to-morrow, and make the necessary application on the proper form, I have no objection to your taking them to-morrow at four o'clock."

"Damn you," said the motorist, who was a rude kind of man, "I'll come to-morrow."

On the morrow he turned up. The wounded Tommies were awaiting him.

"The Matron is out, and she has left no instructions," said the lady who was second in command. "Consequently I cannot allow these men to go motoring. I'm very sorry, but rules are rules. You should have made formal application beforehand. And you should not have been rude to the Matron, as you were yesterday. . . . Go into the garden, you men."

They went back quite tamely; the two one-armed men helping the one-legged one.

. . . .

"The gates are shut," cursed the skipper of the British submarine, which had wormed its way past Cuxhaven and so to Brunsbrüttel and the mouth of the Kiel Canal, there to bump into something. "Better go up and try a look round."

"Right-o, sir," said his second in command.

Bang! bang! bang! and many another bang. The submarine descended fast into the waters from which she had emerged.

"Lucky we managed to shut the lid," said the skipper. "I'll bet you ten to one we're in the mud!"

"Won't take you on," replied the second in command. "Don't think the Devil would cash my cheques."

"Wise man, the Devil," said the skipper.

Hours passed. The air grew heavier and heavier. The second in command lay down gasping. Presently he ceased to gasp.

From somewhere aft there struggled an E.R.A. He reached the skipper.

"You've led us to death," he spluttered.

"Have a cigarette?" gasped back the skipper.

He struggled hard, and eventually drew a cigarette-case from his pocket. "Special brand," he said; "take two, if you like. Strike match."

The E.R.A. struck match. It went out.

Another; the same result. A third and a feeble glimmer.

"Done in," he said.

"About it," said the skipper. "But the blasted Germans may fish—fish——"

"Fish us up and find——"

"Find out—things."

"I think so, sir."

"I think—get forrard."

Gasping for breath, they crawled forward to a torpedo.

"Hit nose hard—damn hard—football—goal—war-head." Then the skipper fell back, clutching his chest and sobbing.

The E.R.A. fumbled in the darkness. "Nothing to do it with," he whispered.

"Bang me against it—the two of us—might do—match," groaned the skipper.

He fumbled in the darkness with the torpedo. "Let go and shove me."

"Very good, sir," said the E.R.A.

"*Gott strafe England*," said the German officer, who next day fished up the fragments of a British submarine blown to atoms. "We shall no well-preserved secrets learn."

. . . .

He came out to pour the petrol into my tank. Half of it he spilled on the floor.

I had a look at him. A young man wearing the biggest fringe I have ever seen on a human head.

"Clumsy fool," I said. "You're absolutely useless in a garage. Why the Devil aren't you in the trenches helping your country?"

"Sorry, sir," he said, as he spilled some more petrol, "but it's more or less like this. You see, sir, I was out there, and them —— Germans; well they did do my left arm proper with their shrapnel."

I don't remember what answer I made, but I hope it was the proper one in the circumstances.

He continued in monotonous tones:

"When I was 'ealed I was sent out again, and Gor blimey, if they Germans d dn't 'ave me in the other arm. An' then—well, I'm no longer required, as you might say. No longer required. So excuse me, sir, if I shovel your —— petrol in cock-eye-like!"

I put my hand in my pocket and a shilling came out.

"Thank 'ee kindly, sir," he said. "But I've a wife and family. If I might be so bold, sir, would you advance me five bob on this till next Saturday? . . . I'll promise faithfully to pay it back then."

He put his hand very unsteadily into his pocket, and hauled out a Victoria Cross!

With tears in my eyes I handed him the five shillings. "Keep your Cross, man," I said. "I'll trust you."

He handed back the five shillings to me. "It's only an himitation one, and I ain't ever been to the Front. It's only just that I'm 'orrid drunk. But—I'll join up to-morrow, sir, and in proof of it, here's the bob back which you gave me likewise."

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Hall's Wine, by enriching the blood and 'livening up' the digestive processes first improves your appetite and then ensures your deriving utmost benefit from your food.

It thus restores your strength in Nature's way—*to last*. And that is why everyone 'nervy,' weak, or ill, should take it *now*,

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DRAWN WIRE

Lamps

See that every lamp sold as Osram bears the words "G.E.C., Made in England." Refuse all others.

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MOST WELCOME IN THE TRENCHES OR IN CAMP

"HALL MARK" ENGLAND

SEND A PACKET WEEKLY TO YOUR SOLDIER FRIENDS

Pocket Food Comforts

Seven days' liberal supply of 5 kinds of easily prepared British-made food comforts, compressed and packed into a space only 4in. square by ¾in. thick and guaranteed pure, wholesome and sustaining—that is the "Hall-Mark" Pocket Case.

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For the man on **Active Service** or in training

—a boon to every traveller. In a few minutes and without trouble he can enjoy a steaming hot cup of tea, coffee, cocoa or beef tea or a cooling draught of lemonade. On a tried. HALL-MARK Food Comforts become more welcome even than tobacco. As emergency rations, every soldier's and sailor's kit should include these pocket food comforts. The self sealing tubes retain the full goodness until entire contents are used.

Note to Munition Workers

Always carry HALL-MARK Food Comforts with you. For better and more appetising and sustaining than anything "warmed up"

For Home Use, too.

When you need a quickly prepared food drink, this HALL-MARK box is "just the thing." Send for one to-day.

This "HALL-MARK" POCKET CASE provides 10 cups delicious TEA, 5 *large* cups fragrant COFFEE, 5 *large* cups sustaining COCOA, ample supply SUGAR and CREAM MILK, 4 *large* cups nutritious BEEF TEA, 8 glasses refreshing LEMONADE. Sold by Grocers, Stores and all the leading stores. 1/9

or POSTED DIRECT (any address home or abroad) 2/-

IF UNABLE TO OBTAIN LOCALLY SEND ORDER COUPON BELOW TO

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To Hall-Mark Food Co., 11, Denmark Street, London, W.C.

I enclose P.O. value ..... for which send to address opposite.....Pocket Cases of "Hall-Mark" Food Comforts at 2s. each, post free.

Use this Coupon or Send Letter.

Name.....

Full Address .....

.....

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 14.

Don't,—it's alight!—

No need to thrust your lighted pipe into your pocket if you smoke Bondman. Its delicate fragrance (a proof of its fine quality) is enjoyed by the ladies. You can smoke Bondman in the drawing-room where other tobaccos are taboo.

You can send Bondman duty free to your friends at the front. Order from your tobacconist.

Per 6D oz.

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BONDMAN

Rich, Ruddy, Virginia Tobacco.

"Dri-ped" Sole Leather defies the wet—snow, hail, sleet, slime, mud, are all without effect against "Dri-ped's" perfect wet resistance and double durability. Ordinary leather lasts only half as long as a Dri-ped Sole *of the same thickness.*

DRI-PED

THE SUPER-LEATHER FOR SOLES.

The traveller, or the lady shopping, can forget the vilest weather if Dri-ped Sole Leather is worn—can cut down the Boot Bills too.

See the Diamond Trade-Mark as shown above, in purple every few inches on each sole; without it, the leather's a substitute.

NOTE.—To get the best results, ask your repairer to fix "Dri-ped" *Through* Soles—that is, to carry the soles through under the heel. Having *Through Soles* fixed instead of *Half Soles*, gives greater elasticity to the instep, prevents cracking at the "waist," and ensures the boots being watertight. It costs a little more, but is worth it.

Get new boots with Dri-ped Soles, for Men, Women, or Children. Have Dri-ped used for all re-soling.

Get This Free Booklet: *Ask your Repairer or Dealer (or write us direct) for the illustrated Booklet "About the Diamond Sign of Double Wear" post free from William Walker & Sons, Ltd., Advt. Dept. County Buildings, Cannon Street Manchester.*

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BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 14.

A CORONER'S CONCLUSIONS.

THE MENACE OF MEDICAL ETIQUETTE.

At Whitehaven an inquest was recently held upon a man named William Dougan, who had met his death as a result of a quarrel in the street, the jury returning a verdict of manslaughter against a local fisherman. Into the general facts of the case, which will form the subject of criminal investigation, we have no wish to enter; but that part of the evidence which referred to the efforts of the relatives to obtain the services of a medical man is so directly in line with our recent observations as to justify a word of comment. It seems that, an hour or two after the unlucky affair, an effort was made to enlist the services of a Dr. Harris, the deceased's Panel attendant, but it was late at night, and the doctor—being, let us hope, unaware of the seriousness of the case—preferred not to come until the morning. The messenger, realising the urgency of the situation, called next upon a Dr. Tawse, stating that he had first been to Dr. Harris, but Dr. Tawse "did not see why he should attend one of Dr. Harris's patients"; and, a nice question of professional "etiquette" being thus involved, the dying man went unattended. It is fair to Dr. Tawse to say that he was not made aware of the desperate nature of the man's injuries, but these observations of the Coroner were excellently in point:—

> The doctors unfortunately exercised this rule of etiquette . . . to a most wrongful extent—to such an extent that very frequently patients and others had to suffer. He did not see why persons could not, after going to one doctor, go to another if they wished to do so.

It seems that, if Dr. Tawse had realised the gravity of the case, he would have disregarded the laws of "etiquette"; but the professional rule, as it stands, is highly inimical to the public welfare.

LESS THAN JUSTICE.

THE HOUSE FAMINE AT ALDERSHOT.

"If a man who is laying bricks and mortar in a peaceful camp in England is a 'Government worker,' then what is a man who, at the risk of his life, is fighting for his country in France? Is he not a Government worker?" This is not a conundrum—there are no "silly seasons" in war-time—but an extremely pertinent question put to us by the wife of a soldier, whose unfortunate experience has set her thinking. Briefly, her complaint is that, after her husband had joined the colours, the cottage in which she was living was sold over her head, and she was served by the new owner with a notice to quit, the excuse being that the premises were required in connection with the landlord's business—for the housing of one of his employees. The good woman did her best to find another cottage, but her search was unavailing, and the case was finally referred to the County Court—where it seems to have been dealt with, not harshly perhaps, but in a manner leaving a good deal to be desired. The upshot of the matter is that the woman has been given a fortnight to get out; the judicial contention being that, as the town of Aldershot is hopelessly overcrowded, and the available cottage accommodation in great demand for the housing of Government workers, a married woman with a separation allowance should go "further afield." In a general way, this may be a sound position; but in the case before us the husband, should he return safely from the war, will hope to resume his former civil employment in Aldershot, and it will be a considerable hardship to him to find that his home has been broken up or removed to a less convenient situation. Nothing should be done in the absence of such a man to prejudice his future prospects in any way.

IF FOOD DISAGREES DRINK HOT WATER.

When food lies like lead in the stomach and you have that uncomfortable, distended feeling, it is because of insufficient blood supply to the stomach, combined with acid and food fermentation. In such cases try the plan now followed in many hospitals and advised by eminent specialists of taking half a teaspoonful of pure *bisurated* magnesia in half a glass of water as hot as you can comfortably drink it. The hot water draws the blood to the stomach, and the *bisurated* magnesia, as any physician or chemist can tell you, instantly neutralises the acid and stops the food fermentation. Try this simple plan and you will be astonished at the immediate feeling of relief and comfort that always follows the restoration of the normal process of digestion. But be sure you ask the chemist very distinctly for *bisurated* magnesia, thus avoiding confusion with the sulphates, oxides and citrates or bismuth and magnesia mixtures which are quite unsuitable. Soldiers at the front and travellers who are frequently obliged to take hasty meals poorly prepared should always take two or three five-grain tablets of *bisurated* magnesia after meals to prevent fermentation and neutralise the acid.

IMPORTANT.—Bisurated Magnesia is now obtainable of all chemists at the following prices:—

Powder form, 1s. 9d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle
Mint-flavoured Tablets, 1s. 1d. and 2s. 1d. per flask. [ADVT.]

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

JOHN McCLURE, 72, London Street, Belfast. May 13th. 124,230.

CHAS. E. BOLLAND, Maple Bank, Laxey, Isle of Man. May 13th. 027,076.

A. WAEGHE, 36, Mill Street, Farington, near Preston. May 13th. 923,462.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of June 3rd:—

000,105	294,417	614,162	862,354	A158,463
026,984	226,325	645,640	885,497	A189,315
058,672	358,459	679,037	889,792	A200,101
113,064	376,903	705,651	936,201	A237,510
124,859	421,112	739,206	964,746	A254,492
156,528	460,929	768,724	997,038	A273,796
132,935	483,738	790,173	A022,417	A299,124
227,281	536,846	829,423	A049,619	A328,183
245,693	564,275	831,387	A077,561	A349,418
260,563	592,311	846,329	A101,384	A382,769

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published June 14th).

RACING NOTES.

BY "THE SQUIRE."

One of the good things at Windsor at the week-end appears to be PARAFFINE LASS F. for the T.Y.O. Selling Plate on Friday, on which day also MILBRUC should win the Falstaff T.Y.O. Plate; VALAIS the Park Plate; and CYANITE the Lock Selling Handicap. On Saturday, ERL KING* has a very big chance in the Datchet Welter; whilst TOWYN in the Ivor Handicap, and THE REVENGE in the Anzac Handicap, also look good. In the T.Y.O. Selling I fancy FARIVALE will beat Miss L. Thrush this time; and if the VIA F. runs for the Home Park T.Y.O. she must be supported.

The *Special* is now published each Tuesday, and should be obtainable at bookstalls and newsagents on the morning of that day. Orders should be addressed to Messrs. Odhams Ltd., 93, Long Acre, W.C., whilst wire inquiries or orders should not be sent direct to me.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for June 3rd, 1916 bearing on the Covers the Numbers 004,716 and A312,210. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

THE BEST SUMMER DRINK

ALLSOPP'S LAGER

Louise Heilger's own Face Cream.

"For years I have had my own beauty cream made to my own special formula. This preparation is so delightful and beneficial that my friends pressed me to supply them. The increasing number of these requests has compelled me to make arrangements so that everyone can obtain supplies and I have authorised the Windsor Toilet Co., of 2, Charterhouse Street, E.C. who have always made my cream), to supply the demand. (Signed) LOUISE HEILGERS."

ANY reader of JOHN BULL can secure a large size jar of "Louise Heilger's Own Face Cream" by sending a P.O. for 1/9 to the address below. Ladies unacquainted with the beautifying properties of this Face Cream can order without hesitation, as, if they should prefer their money to the face cream, it will be refunded. A free copy of Louise Heilger's famous book—"Fabiola Tales"—will be given to the first 1,000 ladies sending orders.

SPECIAL OFFER
Louise Heilger's Book free.

THE WINDSOR TOILET CO., Box 37, 2, Charterhouse Street, London, E.C.

SERIOUS SKIN AFFECTIONS AND HOW TO BE RID OF THEM.

A common saltrates bath compound, obtainable from any chemist, forms oxygenated and strongly medicinal water with wonderful soothing, healing, and curative powers.

Especially effective in the treatment of eczema, acne, psoriasis, urticaria, nettle rash, summer heat, prickly heat, rashes, sores, pimples, blackheads, itching, scaly or greasy skin, and even bad foot disorders.

An Army officer just home from India was recently discussing with fellow officers at his club a remarkable cure for the agonising and temper-destroying skin diseases from which he suffered out there. After explaining how his discovery afforded instant relief and then soon cured the intolerable itching, burning, smarting and disfigurement caused by the very serious skin affections so common in the tropics, he mentioned that the substance he used is known in India as Reudel Bath Saltrates.

"Why," exclaimed three of his companions in unison, "that is no discovery at all. It is a very common preparation that we use in our baths here every day, and it can be had at slight cost from any chemist in England." One of the officers then proclaimed it the greatest thing known for any skin troubles, complexion blemishes, eruptions, pimples, rashes, etc., etc. "And do you know," said he, "I even took the trouble to have the compound analysed, and found it to be practically an exact British reproduction of the natural curative oxygenated and strongly medicinal waters of Aix les Bains, Eilsen, Aix la Chapelle, Baden, and other celebrated springs.

"It contains elements which actually liberate one cubic foot of free oxygen to the ounce, so its amazingly curative, exhilarating, and invigorating effects in a bath are not to be wondered at, since oxygen is Nature's own purifier, antiseptic, bactericide skin-clearing tonic and healing agent. Without it the vital spark of life itself would immediately expire. For instance, the free oxygen found in natural curative waters, the health-building ozone of pine forests and mountain heights, the small excess of oxygen which alone transforms common water into the hydrogen peroxide that surgeons use for antiseptic dressings — these are all examples of what oxygen does, *for they all act by releasing oxygen.* I have often used the Reudel Saltrates water in France to reduce inflamed swellings, 'trench foot,' etc. When prepared as a specially strong foot-bath it even softens and banishes corns, callouses, or similar bothersome foot afflictions."

One of the worst and most repulsive cases of skin disease I ever saw was finally conquered by ordinary Reudel Saltrates baths, and for extremely severe disorders cloth compresses wet with this saltrated water are sometimes employed to draw pain from the affected parts. For rheumatic swellings, pains, and stiffness there is nothing like it.—M. R. N.

NOTE.—There has as yet been no rise in the price of this compound, but as in the case of all drugs, a sharp advance is to be expected at any time. The present low cost and ease with which it is still obtainable, are probably due to the fact that its marvellous curative properties are not yet widely known outside of the medical profession.

Use Kalsel for Liver disorders —[ADVT.]

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

Whilst her father was fighting in France, a little baby girl died the other day. The mother's allowance was 17s. 6d. a week, and naturally not much could be saved out of it. The poor little child was in danger of a parish burial, but we saw that she was decently interred.

"I was discharged last month, owing to strained heart and other physical defects. As I was only on home service I am not entitled to a pension, and on my discharge all Government money was stopped. I can scarcely walk, and I cannot work until I become stronger. In the meantime, I have depending on me a wife and four little children who are without food." We saved the situation.

An invalid soldier is in hospital awaiting his discharge. His child died recently, and the poor mother wrote us: "I have no money, and nobody to go to for comfort but you. I want to put my child away in comfort," meaning of course that she wished to give it respectable sepulchre. This, too, we enabled to be carried out.

A soldier lost his leg and was given a pension of 17s. 6d. a week, subsequently reduced to 10s. 6d. The artificial leg supplied is practically useless to him, and he cannot walk or work. He has a wife and a large family, who were in want until the case was brought before us.

A soldier, who was a victim of our fatal mistake in Gallipoli, went down under the strain. He has now been discharged from hospital, but is without means, although he has a wife and five children. He was penniless, and, as he explained, could see no prospect of a Sunday or other dinner. He has, we are glad to say, been promised some light employment, and in the meantime we forwarded help.

The only son of a widow was reported as "missing" after Mons, and at the expiration of the regulation period the Government allowance was stopped. The poor woman, who is in arrears with her rent, has now received another shock by being informed that he is presumed to have been killed. Through our Fund we acted as the Good Samaritan.

A soldier was discharged from home service on account of a very serious breakdown, and therefore is not entitled to a pension. He has a large family, which was naturally soon in distressed circumstances. His wife wrote us a pitiful letter, and we, of course, at once sent relief.

Our fighting forces are composed of all sorts and conditions of men. We had placed before us the other day the case of a drawing-room entertainer, who amused fashionable assemblies before he donned khaki. The strain of training was too much for him, and he was sent back to civilian life practically penniless. He will not be fit to work for a considerable time, and his wife and children were in a deplorable condition, until our Fund helped them.

A poor fellow had his elbow shattered in one of the fights which thrilled our newspaper readers. When he was patched up, he was sent out of the Service with a pension of 1s. 6d. a day. He obtained two light jobs, but had to give up, as he is more fit to be a hospital patient than a workman. Like others whom we have helped, he has a wife and young children, and there is no money coming in beyond his pension. We were satisfied as to the genuineness of his claim, and sent him the help that was necessary.

A man was sent back to civil life on account of illness, and being reduced to a condition of penury, was compelled to ask us for help. On the evening of his application his troubles were further increased by the arrival of a still-born child. We promptly did what money could to remedy the distressing state of affairs.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WON'T YOU HELP?

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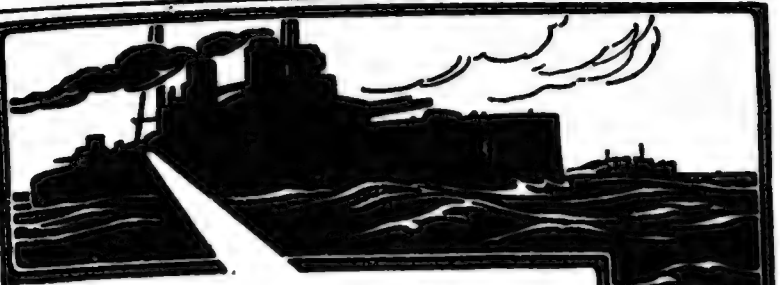

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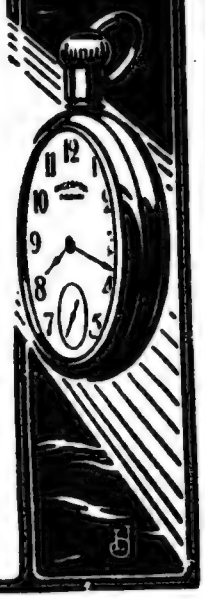

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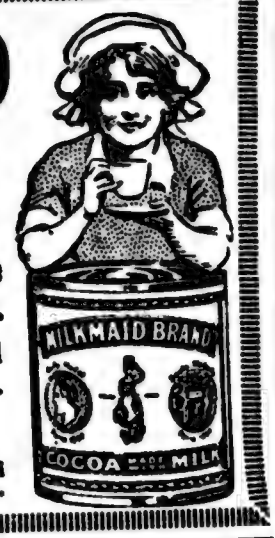

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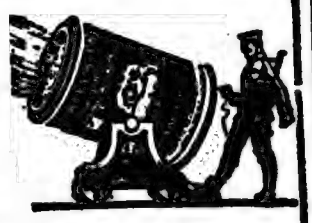
War on Insect Pests!—and peace restored by I.K.



keeps them away . .

Hot weather means more pests and more disease. Hawley's I.K. means an absolute "wipe out." for I.K. does not merely stupefy but exterminates . . kills outright . makes the house too hot for them.

Hawley's is a scientific preparation containing vegetable alkaloid which entirely puts out of existence such pests as fleas, beetles, lice, wood-vermin, etc. Get a tin to-day: sprinkle it on clothes, and put it freely in chinks and crannies and the insects are O.K. for the dust-bin.

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From Chemists, etc., everywhere.

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Apply to-day for a Free medical treatise, and if you state your complaint special personal advice will be sent on your own particular case Free of all cost.

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I have suffered with Gouty Eczema on my hands for over 12 years, and have at different times been under the care of six doctors, including one specialist in skin disease. I have used a quantity of medicine and ointment without any relief whatever. I considered my case incurable until I used the Domigo treatment. I am now delighted to say I feel well and happy again. I think no praise too great for Domigo. I am very grateful for the relief and would recommend it to anyone suffering as I have done.

The original of this and thousands of other testimonials can be seen at any time at our offices.

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More suffering afflicts men and women through Indigestion and the faulty action of the stomach, liver, and bowels than from any other cause. The body loses energy and tone when the food we take does not nourish us fully, owing to bad digestion. The appetite declines, and there is often pain before or after eating. Disagreeable flatulence and waterbrash, prostrating headaches, biliousness, costiveness of the bowels, and palpitation of the heart are among other afflictions which are likely to follow. If *you* are feeling out of sorts and lack the vigour and vitality you once possessed, it may be that Indigestion is robbing *you* of the nourishment you should derive from the food you eat. Let Mother Seigel's Syrup help you to get well. By its gentle but certain tonic action it puts the stomach, liver, and bowels in a state of healthy activity; and those who take it derive, as a result of digesting their food perfectly, fresh stores of strength and vitality. Try the Syrup for yourself to-day!

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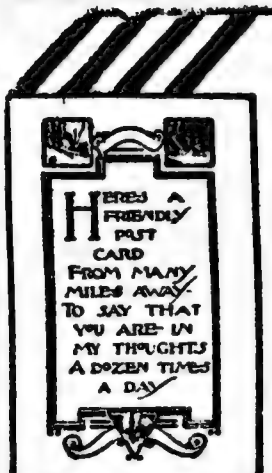
IS EXCELLENT FOR INDIGESTION

The 2/9 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/3 size.

You surely have not missed your Copy of *To-day* 2d.



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Send your pals "out yonder" some tins of

HARRISON'S NURSERY POMADE

—they'll be very receptable. When you haven't time to wash there's a big chance you'll have "companions." A little HARRISON'S POMADE KILLS EVERY INSECT on hair and body. Insist on having HARRISON'S POMADE. "Tins of comfort," at 4½d. and 9d. Sold by all Chemists—or by post from HARRISON, Chemist, Reading.

Cure Piles or Constipation Permanently.

Science evolved this new perfect remedy from vegetable ingredients that cure without pain—and with certainty. Never blind or gripe; never weaken.

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Strong enough to cure the most chronic case, but not too drastic for the weakest constitution. In handy metal case for vest pocket. Send P.O. 2/6 now for full treatment. The CHOCOLOID CO., Stirchley Laboratories (Dept. 33) Birmingham.

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See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 14.

TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

Torturing Tommy.

We are inclined to think that some Chinaman who was a professional torturer has been employed to think out ideas for punishments for British soldiers. A new method is now being applied in France to men who are "crimed." They are compelled to sit astraddle on a narrow pole, their feet being tied to pegs in the ground. This torture has had disastrous results in some cases, and we hope that when Parliament has finished its holiday somebody will bring the matter forward.

British Boches at Boscombe.

As we all know, Boscombe and Bournemouth are run by snuffling saints—of the class whence come the "conscientious objectors." We are not surprised, therefore, to hear that tired-out wounded soldiers are compelled to pay the full toll for sitting on the sanctified seats while enjoying the sea breeze. In most other resorts no charge is made in such circumstances.

Any Complaints?

When soldiers are taking their meals it is the duty of the orderly officer to visit them and ask if they have any complaints to make. As a rule, Tommy is afraid to say "Yes." The other day a private in a rifle battalion stationed in the South spoke up, pointing out the meagreness of his portion. The officer sarcastically ordered the corporal to bring sufficient food for a dozen men, and afterwards the modern Oliver Twist was made a prisoner for his audacity. Somebody who, however, was aware of the illegality of this punishment, soon had him released. Another man in Pennington Camp was improperly given four days for complaining that his tent was overcrowded—a very common grouse just now. Perhaps Mr. Tennant will issue instructions as to the limit of officers' punitory powers.

Pulling the Public's Leg.

Great satisfaction was expressed throughout the land when it was officially stated that soldiers who lose a limb are given a pension of 25s. a week. The announcement would have been more complete if it had added that this pension is continued for only two months, the permanent pension being, as a rule, half-a-guinea—although the man may be married and have a young family, for which, owing to his incapacity, he is totally unable to provide.

The Bandoleeros.

The Army in general will smile at an order issued to the Bucks Hussars. The gallant troops are in future to stuff their bandoleers and pouches with paper!

The Lost Legion.

The other day 500 men were sent to Essex to join another battalion. Upon arrival, the colonel told them that they were not wanted, and sent them to another unit—where again they were not required. A journey to a third battalion was also fruitless. Finally, they were sent back to Hounslow—much public money having been wasted, to say nothing of their accounts being thrown into a state of chaos, owing to the various transfers. Oh, for a Business War Office!

The Woes of the Warrior.

"It's Tommy this and Tommy that" and "Chuck him out, the brute!" A parched sergeant-major arrived at Eastbourne the other day, having travelled ninety miles in semi-tropical heat. He called at an hotel and asked for a stone ginger-beer, but was ordered out, as "private soldiers could not be served." Thus a member of the class which has rightly been termed "the backbone of the British Army" could not obtain a drink such as schoolboys enjoy in the tuck shops. If this warrant officer had been a new second-lieutenant, unfit to black a sergeant-major's boots, he would have been welcomed inside and given the best he could have paid for. The differentiation between commissioned and warrant officers is being carried to absurd lengths.

Debased Gamblers!

Three men at No. 1 Veterinary Hospital, Woolwich, were caught red-handed playing halfpenny nap whilst off duty, and were consequently deprived of seven days' pay each, in addition to receiving a lecture on the heinousness of the offence. They now tell us that around the garrison is posted an invitation to join in a shilling sweepstake. We do not by any means condemn the organisers of the sporting event, but think that the card players were treated, to put it mildly, with excessive severity.

Preying on Tommy.

We should like to see some of the vampires who suck the blood of our men laid by the heels and properly punished. At a Southern station the other day a Tommy handed a tenpenny telegram to a railway porter, telling him to keep the change out of two shillings. Despite the liberal margin allowed for the tip, the message was not sent. We have received many letters from recruits who suffer similarly when wishing to wire home from their places of assembly—though the culprits in these instances appear to be unknown members of the public.

The Faithful Durhams.

Some of the Durhams who returned to France the other day have sent us a grumble. On the way over they were delayed at Folkestone for ten hours, and on arriving at headquarters in France they were naturally a few hours late. For this, they tell us, they have to suffer pack drill and other drawbacks. At the time when the letter was posted to us there were thirty men in the guard-room.

The Ragged Reserve.

It is hardly to the credit of the Army that the unfortunate members of the National Reserve at Rotherham and other places should be paraded under the public eye like so many scarecrows or tramps. At various stations we have seen men, even on guard duty, dressed in patched, ragged garments and gaping boots. We have noticed the men's footwear literally held together with string, whilst the sight of a sentry wearing worn-out canvas shoes is not at all rare. Poor old rags and tatters! Is there anybody at the War Office who will take up their case?

MISSING MEN.

We will welcome news of the following:—

Pte. J. Dennis, 8254, The Buffs; Pte. A. E. Jackson, 13912, No. 1 Co., 2nd R. Fusrs.; Pte. R. J. Bayliss, 17427, A Co., 5th K. S.L.I.; Pte. Geo. Debney, 15011, D Co., 5th L.S.L.I.; Pte. H. Rice, 6300, D Co., 9th East Surreys; L.-Corpl. W. H. Dixon, 8744, Northumberland Fusrs.; Corpl. Geo. Tuffee, 5760, 5th Lancs.; Pte. B. Street, 10835, B Co., 2nd Batt., Royal Berks; L.-Corpl. W. J. Peachey, 15619, D Co., 8th Royal Berks; Pte. T. Ford, 8867, D Co., 13th Platoon, K.O.S.B.; Corpl. F. Hall, 5319, A Co., 9th Royal Warwicks; Pte. F. C. Archer, 13578, 1st Batt. Essex Regt.; Pte. R. Donnelly, 12363, 9th R. D. F.; Pte. E. Barton, 13026, A Co., 7th South Staffs; Pte. T. Irvine, 9133, A Co., 11th Lancs Fusrs.; Pte. M. Cormie, 1883, B Co., 1-5th K.O.S.B.

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The man as he is to-day.

BY

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"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

L. S. A. (Stoke Newington, N.).—If Britain had been suffering from "a sort of moral fatty degeneration of the heart," she would not have taken up the cudgels on behalf of Belgium, nor raised an Army of some 5,000,000 men to fight the greatest military machine ever devised by man. It is politicians, suffering from fatty degeneration of the head, who have caused all the trouble. But Britain, the people, and the Empire are all right.

A. S. (Scunthorpe).—All our contributors are allowed a wide liberty of view and expression. Our notice means that we are not necessarily in agreement with them, *verb. et lit.*

G. P. (Richmond).—The reason for General French's recall from the Front it would not be expedient to state, but you may rest assured it was nothing to his discredit.

W. A. (Barrow-in-Furness).—Mr. Bottomley never filled the post of Whip in any Government, but he rarely lost an opportunity to lash the Party hacks.

E. P. (Grantham).—The Minister for Sugar says that a tradesman *may* refuse to supply you with sugar if you don't buy anything else from him.

"PATRIOT" (Base, B.E.F.).—The Government have agreed not to introduce contentious measures during the war—and Divorce reform would necessitate a very contentious measure.

R. C. (Belfast) suggests that if we have any right to the title of "Bull" we "should not act the old cow, but drive this Government out of office." Don't shy bricks at the performer; he is doing his best.

M. B. S. (London, W.).—If "rounding up the Gaelic League in London and searching the Civil Service" will assist a reasonable settlement of the Irish Question, then we trust Messrs. Asquith and Co. will get along with the business.

G. P. (Wakefield).—Mr. Arthur Henderson is too accommodating a Labour Minister to resign a salary of at least £2,000 a year—being only human.

E. G. H. (U. Deal).—No doubt many of the articles still sold in penny bazaars have been "made in Germany." It is a question whether penny bazaars would ever have existed otherwise.

R. B. S. (S. Devon).—If you have been rejected on medical grounds, you will probably be of more use to your country where and as you are than in the Army Pay Corps.

J. C. C. B. (Ilford).—". . . . but you don't say anything about the thousands of Belgians who come over here and grab our jobs." You're a—but why tell fibs?

"A CONSTANT READER" (North Sea).—Your sturdy little gunboat, 26 years' old, is one of six constantly engaged in minesweeping. The "very best" to your boat and the other five, and all the boys aboard!

"ANCIENT PATRIOT" (London).—"Dear JOHN BULL,—Will you please use your influence to rouse the people to the danger of the uninterned aliens in our midst?" Pardon. We thought we *had* casually mentioned the matter.

A. M. (Creetown).—The Censor having stopped publication of your letter to the *Glasgow Herald*, why send it to us? Do you want us run in?

E. (Maida Vale).—Our own opinion is yours. None of our enemies in this war ought to be permitted British naturalisation for "ten times ten years."

W. B. B. (Newcastle).—So far as we know, the Government have not offered £10,000 for a shell "absolutely sure of exploding on striking a Zeppelin." They do shell out, but not so much in that direction.

C. H. S. (Chalford) contends that, though it may in some cases ruin the small tradesman to join the Colours, "in the majority the man will be quite as well off as stopping at home." Possibly so, probably not.

W. M. (Lurgan).—A good many people are convinced that it was the armed proceedings and threats of Sir Edward Carson and his backers which were the real genesis of the Sinn Fein revolt.

J. C. (G. W. Ry.).—Yes, the Irish Home Rule Bill has been passed by Parliament and is in the Statute Book under signature of the King. But its operation is postponed.

E. W. S. (Galveston).—Cannot trace any announcement in House of Commons calling up all married Englishmen, of military age, living abroad. The new Act applies only to British subjects who have at any time since August 14th last been, or for the time being are, ordinarily resident in Great Britain.

J. D. R. (Manchester) tells us that "Manchester's export trade is mainly in the hands of Germans, naturalised or otherwise; some have returned from internment." But we think Manchester men have proved that they are alive to the situation.

"BOB" (Balham).—". . . But as you were pupped in Blighty, Without a grain o' grit, You've got ter eat your skilly, Or to do yer blooming bit." Yours to the Conscientious Objector, re-arranged for polite society.

"ONLY A YORK LAD."—If certain Harrogate hotels and hydros are staffed by Germans and "Swiss" who were Germans before the war, Harrogate cannot be as healthy a place as it claims to be.

E. A. G. (Eastcheap).—"Telephone Trouble," the booklet circulated free by the P.M.G., is unnecessary, idiotic, childishly futile, and a wicked waste of time and money.

W. H. (Greenock).—Never mind just now what Lloyd George has *said* in the past. Give him his meed of praise for what he is *doing* in the present.

J. H. E. (Tottenham).—Out of 43½ million tons of coal exported last year, 23 went to the Allies and 17 to neutrals, leaving 3½ million tons not accounted for. We should like to know where it *did* go—and the price it fetched.

"AN ENGLISHMAN" (Poplar).—The neighbourhood of the Docks, and round about High Street, Poplar, swarms with Chinese, and there are more of them than ever. This Yellow Plague, with its immorality, filth, and fan-tan, is a menace to the community that must be closely watched.

J. C. C. (Liverpool).—So you think the war will end February 4th, 1918, Berlin by that time having been devastated by plague and fire, and the All-Highest Hell Hound sent to perdition. With regard to your date, luckily 'sonly a rumour.

"INQUIRER" (Musselburgh).—Anyone who says that General Townshend deserves to be shot for surrendering to the Turks, deserves to be hanged.

"A LEMON."—"Is Jim Larkin?" No; he's lurking.

A. H. (South Harrow) says he fights "the bloodless battle." We quite understand. It's safer than the other sort.

E. J. (Battersea Park, S.W.).—Military training will do young men of 18 no harm, notwithstanding the opinion of Moses.

J. R. M. (St. Albans).—We do not approve of your suggestion of a common flag for the allied nations. They might just as well adopt a common national anthem. Neither would arouse the enthusiasm which the native article excites.

M. S. (Hammersmith, W.).—Your proposed tax on war marriages strikes us as absurd. It would be killing the goose that lays the golden—babies. *Tax the bachelors.*

"SWEEPER" (Sheerness).—As you might have judged from his reference to Germany as his "spiritual home," Lord Haldane was, is, and presumably will continue to be, a Radical—in the old Party sense.

"WANT TO KNOW" (West Hartlepool).—We should say that only in very rare instances are collectors for charitable purposes allowed to have keys to their collecting boxes. But cheer up—there are other ways of opening them!

"ONE OF THE FOOLS WHO FOLLOW BOTTOMLEY" (Clapton).—Then you cannot be so big a fool as some people say.

F. W. W. (Ludham).—An anti-lawyer-politician league is not a bad idea, in view of the approaching general election.

L. B. (Gillingham).—It certainly is a blessing that at least one of the Asquith family does not hesitate to act, although it is only the Premier's daughter.

S. B. (St. John's Wood).—It is pretty evident you don't think much of B.P. as a soldier, and we note that you "scout" the idea that he could end the war in six months if in supreme command.

J. B and N. T. (Clapham).—"Ladies" who start shopping a few minutes before closing time, keeping the assistants busy after hours, and grumbling because Daylight Saving gives workers a chance of getting a breath of air, are not ladies at all, but slave-drivers. We are just as indignant at such behaviour as you girls are.

"ENQUIRER" (Edinburgh).—The Mr. Foote who died some months ago was *the* Mr. Foote. We have nothing to say concerning the "*Secret* Secularist Society." It's the first we have heard of it.

"DECK HAND" (Inverness) writes: "We want men, not talkers; leave the talking for the women. I would love to have some of them to sea in an old fishing box." Naughty boy!

Three immense prizes this week in "Bullets."

J. B. S. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—You appear to be a trifle out of temper. You need not drink beer if you don't like it. That will leave more for those who do.

C. F. H. (Dublin).—Would gladly waste 2s. 0d. on your doggerel if we were not practising war economy.

R. I. (Leigh).—As in your opinion the Mormons "are the cleanest, most moral, generous, and truthful people extant," we can only say they must be painfully misunderstood.

"O." (Hants).—All contracts or agreements by way of gaming or wagering are null and void, and you could give notice of defence and plead the Gaming Act, 1845. Whether it is honourable to do so depends upon the facts.

SYLVIA D. (Plymouth).—We are at a loss to know how, after stripping and swimming to the wreck, Robinson Crusoe was able to fill his pockets with biscuits. Perhaps a legal definition of the term "pocket" might help us.

Mrs. L. (Luton).—You are quite right, "Bullets" *is* the oldest competition now running. This week's offer breaks all records—over 10 000 prizes to be won.

"LUCY" (Leicester).—Have no recollection of ever offering a guinea to anybody who caught us using the word "female." But if after this you catch us using the word shemale, a guinea is yours.

"TOBKOI" (Brockley, S.E.).—An easterly wind favours the Zepps' arrival, and a westerly their departure.

J. N. (Pembrokeshire).—We think it must have been owing to something besides the mildness of the weather "that the ewe in question gave birth to two lambs in a field just outside Haverfordwest."

"HUNDREDS OF CORRESPONDENTS."—*Damn* pennies dated 1864!

M. S. (Bolsover).—Duly noted that, according to last year's Sheffield police accounts, three guineas were spent on educational instruction for the police and £150 as a subscription to a home for lost dogs. Which proves the Sheffield police to be well educated and ardent lovers of animals.

"ONE OF THE CONGREGATION."—"The Vicar of St. Peter's, Thanet, did not go to the Front because the Archbishop wished him to remain; he agreed that his curate should go; he devotes much time to wounded soldiers in hospital." Have we got it right now?

H. C. B. (Highgate).—Afraid it is not feasible to provide a motor-ambulance by getting a star to sing "a well-known caging ditty" at every music-hall in the U.K., "the audience invited to throw money on the stage (theoretically)." The caging song might get the bird.

E. J. (Plymouth).—"The curse of the co-operative movement" is strong language.

F. L. M. (Morecambe).—Have no knowledge of the local facts or means of estimating their importance. We might be grinding somebody else's axe; yours, for instance.

"SCOTTY" (Southampton).—Afraid we can't prevent Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Reading, and other political and judicial notabilities accepting the hospitalities of Sir Alfred Mond.

E. J. R. (Worcester).—"In what way does a cricket chirp? What position does he occupy in chirping?" A cricket produces the chirp by rubbing his legs together. Rub yours together till they chirp and then you will know about the position.

"FIFTEEN MONTHS AT THE FRONT."—Jimmy Wilde, fly-weight champion, went to enlist, but failed to pass the doctor, being too tiny. What more could he do?

H. F. C. (York).—You must certainly not confuse A. H. Westwood, of Edinburgh, with the man you mention. The former is one of our most trustworthy commissioners, in a large way of business, and the other is a dead "wrong 'un."

D. J. S. (Cowes).—"Oh, John, my boy, your pen is a treat; The one I had was hard to beat; But, now I've yours, the one that was mine Is scrapped to save money, paper and time." We wish it had saved you making that last awful rhyme; *m* does not equal *n*.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our insurance is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

June 10th, 1916.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured must fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you must fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day
(Strike out one of these.)
June 10, 1916.

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....

Newsagent of.....

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Address .....

.....

HALF-GUINEA'S WORTH FOR EIGHTEENPENCE.

Weston-super-Mare.
I received this day two of your pens. They are equal in quality to those I have paid 10/6 for. R. G. S.

Longmoor Camp.
I have plenty of opportunities of testing your "John Bull" Pen. It is the finest bargain I have ever struck, and I am quite proud to be the possessor of one.
Sapper W. M.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. June 10, 1916.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib

10,000 "BULLETS"

1ST £1,000 BIGGEST PRIZE

2ND £250

3RD £100

One Thous- First

3 Record Premiers

5 PRIZES OF £10	10 PRIZES OF £2:10	100 PRIZES OF £1

SEND IN NOW FOR THIS GIGANTIC PRIZE OFFER.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 193.

KING GEORGE
JOHN BULL'S BIRTHDAY
BRITISH SOLDIERS
BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL
DOING TIME
WHISPERS OF LOVE
THE SLACKERS
THE KAISER'S WEAKNESS
TEETOTAL BEER
BABY IN ARMS
GERMAN FOKKERS
MIXED BATHING
SHOCKING
BEAUTY CHORUS
AFTER THE WAR
NURSING TOMMY
IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR
BOARDING-HOUSE CAT
SEASIDE DONKEY
FOOD FOR GOSSIP
MY MISTAKE
MISSUS AND MASTER
CREATES SUSPICION
A PRETTY FLAPPER
FAT POLICEMAN
A JOLLY NUISANCE
FANCY WORK
AMATEUR GARDENER
A HOT TIME
THE GIRLS
THE SOBER TRUTH
BEFORE MARRIAGE
BULLETS
SLIM YOUNG MAID
MOTHER'S HELP
NEVER TROUBLED ADAM
FATHER'S HOLIDAY
ASKING FOR PEACE
GERMANY WANTS
LORD KITCHENER

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the forty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These Examples will guide you:—

Example:—
THE SOBER TRUTH.
Bullet:—
REALISED AFTER NIGHT OUT.

Example:—
FANCY WORK.
Bullet:—
NOT AFTER HOLIDAYS.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue, dated July 8th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in "EVERYWOMAN'S," dated June 10th.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 22nd.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(193) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed _____

Address _____

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 193, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 22nd.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(193) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed _____

Address _____

If two Coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for "Bullets" Competition **No. 194. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, JUNE 29.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **194** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" No. 194, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Forty Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 194.

WHEN TOMMY'S ON LEAVE
MY WIFE'S MOTHER
SPOILT CHILD
MOST CONFUSING WHEN
VILLAGE FIRE BRIGADE
WAITING
CALLING FOR GIRLS
AT THE SEASIDE
GERMAN BAND
PRICE OF PEACE
TEACHING HER SWIMMING
WAKING FATHER
NOT FLEET ENOUGH
BOARDING-HOUSE BEDS
MERRY WIDOW
PUTTING UP PRICES
DROPPING OFF
NURSING THE TWINS
FINDING HUBBY OUT
SHOCKS THE KAISER

OVER TEN THOUSAND "BULLETS" PRIZES VALUE NEARLY THREE THOUSAND POUNDS THIS WEEK.

BIRTHDAY PRIZES!

OFFER EVER MADE!

£1,000 and Pounds Prize!

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	5,000 Special 'Target' PRIZES	4,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

1ST £250

2ND £100

3RD 3 Record Premiers

DO NOT MISS AN OPPORTUNITY THAT WILL NEVER OCCUR AGAIN.

No. Closing Date. Thursday, June 22nd.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(193) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

The closing date for this record offer has been extended to June 22nd.

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets No. 193," "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, June 22nd.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(193) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent

BULLETS RULES 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and equally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Result of 190th Bullets Competition.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Mr. R. A. COLLINS, 18, The Pryors, Hampstead, London, N.W.

Example:—WANTED.
Bullet:—"RULER"—WOULD EXCHANGE "CABINET."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:—

Mr. JOHN VICKERS, 26, South Street, Derby.

Example:—THE GLAD EYE.
Bullet:—REASON PASSENGER "GOT OFF."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:—

Miss NORA COLLINS, 4, Queen St., Cork City, Ireland.

Example:—LOOKS SIMPLE.
Bullet:—THE FELLOW THAT ISN'T.

FIVE PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mr. R. HAIGH, 82, Ivy Leigh, Tuebrook, Liverpool:
CALLING ON FATHER—DIDN'T SUCCEED AS "INTENDED."

Mr. J. ELAM, 47, Wragby Road, Leytonstone, London, N.E.:
MOST DELIGHTFUL WHEN—SERGEANT RECOGNISES LATE FOREMAN.

Mr. H. BLAIR, 79, Brussels Street, Gateshead-on-Tyne:
IN THE RANKS—SNIPER. AS "HEAD WAITER."

Mr. H. SMITH, 49, Bridge Street West, Hockley, Birmingham:
THE GLAD EYE—TOMMY'S FIRST FRENCH LESSON.

Mr. H. MARTLE, 29, Ponting Street, Swindon, Wilts.:
THE GLAD EYE—IN GERMANY "DOGS" RECEIVE.

(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

TEN PRIZES OF £1 EACH:—

Mr. W. HOLMES, 361, Moss Lane East, Manchester:
UNCALLED FOR—HUN LEARNING THE HARP.

Constable ADAMS, County Police Station, Castle Street, Worcester:
THE GLAD EYE—GIVEN "FREELY." FOUND "COSTLY."

Capt. R. E. FINCH, 234th Field Coy., B.E.F., France:
LEADING ACTOR—"PUFFED" AFTER "LONG RUN."

Mrs. F. JAINE, Post Office, Kimbolton, Leominster:
AT THE REVUE—"KICKING" FOR HIGHER SALARIES.

Mr. FRED. HAWKINS, 320, London Road, Hazel Grove, Cheshire:
DUTCH COURAGE—STRONG SPIRITS HELPING WEAR

Mr. J. TIPPING, St. Helier, Romilly Road, Barry, Glam.:
UNCALLED FOR—AMATEUR ACTOR WITHOUT FRIENDS.

Mrs. E. HUNT, 37, Dumbarton Road, Brixton Hill, S.W.:
LUCKY CHAP—UNIFORM ACTUALLY FITS.

Mr. E. COLWILL, 49, Whittington Street, Plymouth:
LEADING ACTOR—"PRESSES" HIS "SUIT" OFTEN.

MARGARET MCELROY, 12, Foley Street, Kirkdale, Liverpool:
MOST DELIGHTFUL WHEN—PRICES "BOB DOWN" AGAIN.

Constable JOHN JOYCE, Police Barracks, Cathcart, Glasgow:
PLAYING WITH FIRE—AFTER WINNING FIRST BET.

(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

As she waved him good-bye she called out—

"Don't forget to come and see me soon!—I should just love to show you round my new flat. It's the cosiest, prettiest little home you ever saw. Furniture from the 'Midland'—every bit of it."

Money buys more at the "Midland"

You can furnish out of income on the "Midland" Ideal Terms without having to pay a penny for interest or any extra whatsoever. They give you £100,000 worth of furniture to choose from. You can't help finding just the very thing you've set your heart on.

10% Discount for Cash.

Write for the "Midland" Book of Furniture.

It contains over 1,000 photographs, actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. The prices are all plainly marked; compare them with what you would be charged elsewhere, you will be convinced that money *does* buy MORE at the "Midland."

Dining Room Suite of distinctive design, soundly constructed of Fumed Oak, consisting of large Sideboard with inlaid panels, 3 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. 6 in., Gate-leg Table, and 4 small Chairs and 2 Carvers with seats covered in Rexine of any colour.

£13 13s. 0d.

Rail Fares Paid.

Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Ideal Terms

Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Month.
£10 - £0	6 0
£20 - 0	11 0
£30 - 0	17 0
£40 - 1	5 0
£50 - 1	8 0
£100 - 2	5 0
£200 - 4	10 0
£500 - 11	5 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

Country Orders

packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife,** in the event of the death of the purchaser. **All furniture** thus purchased is also **insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.**

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station, 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 8. Saturdays—9 till 1.

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